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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE statements made by the Prime Minister and Lord Curzon in Parliament on Thursday were depressing but not surprising. It has been clear for some time that the French Government is not disposed to change its policy, though it is probably by no means unwilling that confidential negotiations should continue which would prevent us from developing a policy of our own. We now know that in spite of the "friendly language" and the "cordial spirit" of the French and Belgian replies to our proposals, they do not contain "material for sending an Allied answer to the German Note." "Indeed, the draft reply submitted by His Majesty's Government was not mentioned in the French and Belgian replies, nor did these Notes appear to hold out any definite prospect of an early alteration of the situation in the Ruhr." Mr. Baldwin remarked that "many weeks might easily be consumed in preliminary interchange of opinion," and that in the meantime "the European situation might sink into irretrievable ruin."

THE negotiations, in short, must frankly be admitted to have been unprofitable and to hold out no prospect that they will become more profitable if carried on. The Government have, therefore, decided to publish the "papers which recorded their own views and endeavours," and to invite France and Belgium to agree to the publication of their replies, in the hope "that the publication of these papers may assist in determining the real dimensions of the problem with which the Allies are confronted, and may convince the world of the imperative necessity of prompt and united action to deal with it." We cordially approve of this policy of publicity, but in our opinion it is totally inadequate by itself. In spite of the importance which Mr. Baldwin and Lord Curzon say they attach to the dispatch of an answer to the German Note, there is no sign that they intend quickly to make an independent reply. Evidently that "shrinking from any action that might be thought indicative of Allied dissension," to which the Prime Minister confessed, is still the principal emotion of some members of his Cabinet.

OUR draft reply to Germany, as described by Mr. Baldwin, follows, on the whole, expected lines, though

it is weak and non-committal all through. But in one passage it embarks on dangerous ground. Mr. Baldwin advises Germany "to withdraw without further delay the ordinances and decrees which had organized and fomented the policy of passive resistance." We have no right to advise Germany to lay down her only weapon, unless we are prepared to guarantee to her fair play in the event of her acting on our advice. Is Mr. Baldwin in a position to do this? Is it not quite likely that we shall, in the last resort if France persists, abandon Germany to her fate? And if there is any possibility of this, are we entitled to urge her to a particular course in the expectation of advantages which we cannot securely promise her? We hope that the full publication of documents will disclose that this advice was to be definitely contingent on certain undertakings from France.

A STATESMANLIKE message has been telegraphed by the Agha Khan from Lausanne to all Muslims, and has been published in India, Egypt, and the British mandated territories in Asia and Africa. The Agha Khan lays equal stress upon the military and diplomatic success of Turkey, and upon the desire of Great Britain, France, and other Western Powers for good relations with the Islamic world. "For the first time in history a treaty has been signed on behalf of a Muhammadan nation upon absolutely equal terms with the Great Powers of the West"; and there follows a catalogue, which is indeed imposing, of what Turkey has achieved; but the interest of the message lies in its moral. "The Turks owe this highly satisfactory settlement to their own sacrifices and their own courage and fortitude, but they also owe it to the goodwill of the peoples of Great Britain and France. . . . It signifies that past quarrels are at an end. It ought to mean that the Turkish National State, which is as independent as Sweden, should be able to make new and lasting friendships with the Western Powers." The Agha Khan puts his finger upon the now removed inequality of status as the root cause of the unsatisfactory conditions of the past century. Certainly this cause is just now revealing itself in almost all relations between Western and non-Western peoples, not the least conspicuous instance

being our difficulties in Kenya. In conclusion, His Highness counsels his co-religionists to transfer their energies from "old causes of difference" to work for the social and economic reconstruction of Turkey. He has the courage to refer to the Caliphate Movement as "out of date" and capable of serving "no useful purpose." Thus the future of the relations between West and East sways in the balance—Lausanne against Kenya. Is it to be peace or war?

THE immediate results of the Government's decision on the Kenya Question are discouraging. The delegation led by Mr. Sastri telegraphed to the Government of India that the decision was unacceptable on all points except segregation, involved the subjection of Indians to a permanent status of inferiority, violated constitutional pledges of equality within the Empire, and placed a premium on methods of violence. A strong reference was made to General Smuts's speech at Cape-town, in which he had advocated compulsory segregation by local municipal option, subject to confirmation by the Union Government, and had expressed himself adversely towards Indian claims in regard to the franchise. The Indian Delegation cited this speech as an indication that "the white races are determined to reduce Indians in Africa to a position of utter humiliation," and advised the institution of "all possible measures of retaliation." The kind of retaliation which they have in mind apparently goes beyond non-participation in the Imperial Conference and the Imperial Exhibition to discrimination against British subjects belonging to the white population of the Dominions who happen to be domiciled in India as traders, soldiers, or civil servants. This reaction to the Kenya decision would not have been so serious had it come from extremist quarters; but Mr. Sastri has practically staked his career on the maintenance of the British connection, and is known to believe that an unacceptable issue to the Kenya controversy will be the end of the Moderate Party in India. His action therefore means that he takes an extremely pessimistic view of what the effects will be. Meanwhile, the Indian Assembly has taken up the cudgels. On July 27th a Bill was introduced by Dr. Pour for the immediate setting up of a Committee of the Legislature with a non-official majority for regulating the entry into India of people domiciled in other parts of the Empire. The Government's motion to circulate the Bill was rejected, and the Bill passed the same day in spite of Government opposition. It seems that our troubles over Kenya have only begun.

THE negative character of Fascism as a mere antithesis to Communism is underlined in Signor Mussolini's declaration in regard to his National Militia. "Until the State becomes integrally Fascist, that is to say, until the classes who till yesterday governed the State are entirely superseded by the governing Fascist class or by classes allied to it, in every branch of the administration and in every institution of the State, and until all danger of a rebound of the anti-national elements is over, Fascismo, *qua* party and *qua* Government, cannot give up the armed forces of the Black Shirts." The words are the words of Lenin arguing for the dictatorship of the proletariat; and, from the point of view of a world revolutionary, it probably makes little difference what party name is written in the blank space. The revolutionary efficacy of this doctrine will be equally potent, whichever party applies it. Thus the men of violence play against each other a

game in which each scores in turn and which is never finished until Anarchy comes into her own—that is, until they severally suffer defeat. For no one, not even Mussolini or Lenin, pursues violence as an end in itself. They, like other statesmen, are playing for constructive results, but with the vital difference that they ignore the elementary experience of other players.

THERE has been an important conference of the Little Entente this week at Sinaia in Roumania, at which Poland, Greece, and Albania, as well as the three original members of the group, were represented. The principal agenda appear to have been applications for admission on the part of Albania and Greece, and the policy to be adopted towards Hungary. The recognition of the new Government in Bulgaria had already been effected at the instance of Roumania and Czecho-Slovakia, who were less disposed than Jugo-Slavia to take an alarmist view of the Bulgarian Revolution or to play with the idea of forcible intervention. Relations between Albania and Jugo-Slavia have latterly improved, and there is no longer any uncertainty about the eastern frontiers and commitments of Greece, so that the main obstacles to the inclusion of these two States have been removed. Should they be admitted to membership, the Little Entente would be well on the way towards becoming a comprehensive regional South-East-European sub-group within the League of Nations, linked up with the Baltic group through Poland. In principle, such a group would be no more incompatible with the existence of the League than is the British Commonwealth, and the only chance for the smaller States to pull their weight against the Great Powers lies in co-operation. But it must be genuine co-operation for this legitimate purpose, and not a mere combine of the local "Haves" against the local "Have-Nots" of the moment. Therefore the test of the Sinaia Conference will be the policy adopted towards Hungary. Recently the Little Entente frustrated the League of Nations scheme for the rehabilitation of Hungary on the lines that have been so successful in the case of Austria. Apparently Roumania and Czecho-Slovakia have since then been informed that their own financial interests may suffer by this intransigence. It is to be hoped that this hint will incline them to modify an attitude which is contrary to their fundamental interests from every point of view.

THE four suspended Labour Members have been readmitted to the House without making an apology, and after a suspension lasting for about five weeks. A precedent is gradually being established to the effect that this is the right period for such a suspension to last, and that its enforcement strikes a fair balance between the interests of all constituencies in the smooth working of the Parliamentary machine and the interests of individual constituencies in their continuous representation in the House. The behaviour of the four delinquents was in character to the last. On Monday a letter from them to the Speaker was published, in which a very cogent discussion of previous precedents was ruined by their closing announcement that they intended to attend at the House that day to claim their seats. Three of them did so, and were excluded from the precincts by the police. Yet the removal of their suspension had been under discussion between Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald for a fortnight, and on Monday the former's intention to propose that removal on Tuesday was generally known. This demonstration, therefore, had no point whatever, unless the four hope to

persuade their constituents that they have forced the hand of the House. However, as Mr. MacDonald himself has criticized their "very bad judgment," the matter can be left at that, in the hope that experience and their leader's influence will gradually instil into them a better sense of proportion.

* * *

THE Trade Union Congress is faced with an awkward problem. Last September it decided to increase its affiliation fee from 1d. to 3d. a member in order to support the "Daily Herald." The Cardroom Amalgamation, one of the textile workers' unions which, like the proverbial cat, sometimes evinces a preference for walking by itself, has refused to pay, and has been excluded from Congress in consequence. This union is armed with the result of a ballot, in which by nearly a four-to-one majority its members decided against a levy in support of the "Daily Herald," and with some formidable arguments. It holds, with some justice, that the objects of the Trade Union Congress are essentially industrial rather than political; that if the workers will not buy the "Daily Herald" they ought not to be made to subsidize it; and that the levy is essentially a political levy which needs the assent of the members. Manifestly the Labour Party need a Labour paper, and even if the "Daily Herald" were much more widely read than it is in fact, it would probably still need to be subsidized, for a Labour paper is confronted with special commercial difficulties. But it is not easy to answer the contention that the money for the "Daily Herald" should be collected by means of the optional political levy through which trade unionists contribute to the support of the Labour Party.

* * *

AN unusually large number of important industrial disputes are in progress at the present moment; though, as they have very little connection with one another, they do not indicate a wave of general unrest. As we suggested last week, the strike threat by the National Union of Railwaymen in regard to the shopmen employed on the old Great Northern system, was prompted by a desire to force protracted negotiations to a reasonably speedy conclusion. The London and North-Eastern have now suggested arbitration by the Industrial Court as to whether its own award, number 728, shall be applied to the Great Northern men, provided a majority of the unions concerned are agreeable; and the N.U.R. have accepted this proposal, and agreed to withdraw the strike notice in view of a promise by the Minister of Labour to endeavour to effect a settlement. This is satisfactory so far as it goes, though whether a majority of the unions affected will be agreeable is a matter of some doubt, for the craft unions, who have a very strong membership amongst the Great Northern shopmen, have declared that there can be "no question of arbitration." We hope, however, that the Minister of Labour will be more successful in this case than he has been over the boilermakers' lockout. Deadlock there seems hopelessly complete. The union has issued a manifesto calling on its members to prepare for a struggle to the death; the employers do not seem inclined to yield an inch; the Minister of Labour's statement that the facts of the case are not disputed, and that therefore a court of inquiry would be futile, is unfortunately only too true. To find some means of bringing the parties together again is, however, the most urgent requirement of the present industrial situation.

* * *

THE revolt of the dockers is now in its final stage. At Hull, where the conflagration first broke out, the men have returned, and in London it is now simply a

question of time before the strikers can bring themselves to acknowledge defeat, and to return empty-handed after the long struggle. Revolt, however, is infectious, and we are now faced with the possibility of an unauthorized strike of London masons. They propose to repudiate the recent national settlement of wages by demanding an increase of 1½d. an hour; and in this they are clearly relying on their strong sectional position as key men on large works of construction, many of which are being executed at top speed under a time-limit. It is to be hoped, however, that common sense and reason, if not a sense of fair play, will have prevailed before the end of the week. It is needless to say that the official union leaders are not in sympathy. On the other hand, in Norfolk, where a serious position has once more arisen, this time in regard to the amount of the lump-sum payment for harvesting, the union is conducting the case. This dispute, though of a very ordinary kind, is really far more important as a sign of the times than the unauthorized actions of dockers and masons. The harvest bonus is a most important item in the domestic economy of the agricultural labourer, and after submitting in the spring, the men may well feel that the farmers are exercising undue pressure in further pursuing their advantage. The Norfolk farmers have serious difficulties to contend with, and short-sighted action in these circumstances is very natural; but this will not make the future consequences less serious.

* * *

THE Government's proposals with regard to the establishment of a bi-weekly service of airships to India will be watched carefully by those who object, on principle, to subsidizing commercial undertakings. There is, no doubt, a strong case to be made for State assistance to a new form of transport so long as it is in a purely experimental stage. There can be little question that the early steamship subsidies enabled the transition from sail to steam to be effected more rapidly than would have been possible had none but commercial inducements been offered to experimental development. Those subsidies, however, were continued long after the conditions in which they were granted had passed away. Eventually they were ruthlessly cut down, but there is always a danger that State assistance, rendered for experimental purposes, may be continued to swell the profits of vested interests and provide a cloak for inefficiency. The principle to be followed in the Indian scheme appears to guard against these dangers, by providing for payment by results, a fixed probationary period, and subsequent repayment out of profits. Everything will depend on the details of the contracts, and these will be awaited with interest.

* * *

At a meeting of the party on Monday evening, the Independent Liberals decided the main lines of their autumn campaign. They propose to deal especially with four topics: (1) the final settlement of the problems of reparations, indebtedness, disarmament, and security; (2) Free Trade; (3) Land Reform; and (4) a Liberal industrial policy. Mr. Asquith will develop this programme at a London gathering of Liberal members, candidates, and workers towards the end of September, which will be followed by a hundred or more meetings during October, to be addressed by the leaders of the party. We hope that this campaign will prove more inspiring and nearer to realities than the forecasts appearing in the Press would indicate. Meanwhile the Liberal Summer School has opened at Cambridge, and we have arranged to publish with our next issue a supplement containing reports of the principal addresses given there.

THE NAVY AND THE AIR SERVICE.

THE partisans of the Admiralty in their dispute with the Air Ministry have done disservice both to the Navy and to the nation. The leakage of a confidential document prepared for the information of the Cabinet is not the first incident of the kind under the present Board, and the Government have acted rightly in taking steps to fix individual responsibility for this gross breach of official confidence. Its effects have been deplorable. Taken in conjunction with the resignation rumours and various attempts to discredit the Sub-Committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence, it has given the impression that the whole controversy is a private vendetta between the Board of Admiralty and the Air Ministry.

The inevitable result of this folly has been not merely to discredit the Admiralty but to prejudice a dispassionate consideration of their case. This is peculiarly unfortunate because the views of the Board, as apart from their methods, are shared to an unusual extent by the Navy as a whole, and on the technical point at issue they have a case that deserves at least the most careful examination.

Both parties to the dispute base their argument on the necessity for unity of control. The Air Ministry, whose contentions have been supported by the Committee of Imperial Defence, subject to certain compromises, and adopted by the Cabinet, maintain that, since the air is a separate element, all air forces of every description should be regarded as part of a single, separate service, and subject to a single authority. The Admiralty's case rests on the fact that a certain provision of aircraft is essential to the efficiency of purely naval operations, for scouting, spotting, and general work with the Fleet, and the Board contend that they cannot effectively discharge their responsibility for the efficiency of the Fleet, unless the training, organization, and disposal of such forces are under their control. In other words, they contend that naval aircraft—amounting to less than 5 per cent. even of the present air strength—should be considered as an integral part of the naval service.

On this point their case is rather strengthened by the Air Ministry's reply that to detach one section of the Air Service means lessening the efficiency of the Home Defence Air Force. It is obviously desirable that the Navy should be able to rely absolutely on the aircraft essential to the discharge of its functions, and that the Home Defence Air Force should be maintained at such a strength as will preclude any necessity for taking away the eyes of the Fleet. One of the strongest arguments for providing the Navy with its own Air Wing is that it would enable both Services to know exactly where they stood, and prevent any friction over the allocation of aircraft on the outbreak of war.

As regards the appointment and training of the personnel, there are strong arguments for bringing pilots required for naval purposes under the authority of the Admiralty. Not only would this give the best guarantee of efficiency in the specialized training required; but as officers who had passed the flying age would automatically be absorbed into the higher ranks of the Service, there would be diffused throughout the Admiralty and the Fleet a knowledge of flying very important to the success of combined operations. A minor advantage in naval control is that much of the work required to keep naval aircraft efficient could be done by ordinary naval ratings, thus avoiding the expense of embarking Air Force mechanics for this purpose.

The whole question is in many ways analogous to that of the Royal Marines. No one, probably, would now propose going back to the old system by which

troops were drafted on board ship from time to time, to provide landing parties, and perform certain duties afloat. For combined operations on a large scale co-operation between the Services always has been and always will be necessary. For work purely or mainly naval, it is wiser to provide the Navy with its own ancillary arms.

A great deal has been said by supporters of the Air Ministry about the necessity of avoiding unnecessary and wasteful competition in the provision of material and personnel. Experience suggests that co-ordination may often be a better solution of such problems than unification. It is for the purpose of dealing with such problems, as well as with those of combined strategy, that many students of war favour the creation of a Joint General Staff, representing all three Services. One of the happiest results of such a Staff would be to give each Service a fuller appreciation of the others' special requirements, and to reduce to a minimum the risks of technical questions being discussed in such an atmosphere as that created by the present controversy. For this reason we welcome the Report for reorganizing the Committee of Imperial Defence, which has been published and adopted by the Cabinet simultaneously with the quite distinct report dealing with the Air Force.

THE AMERICAN DEBT.

By J. M. KEYNES.

A WEEK or two ago the details of Mr. Baldwin's settlement with the United States were published in full for the first time in a White Paper [Cmd. 1912]. It includes some interesting features which were not clearly noticeable in the summaries which were issued when the agreement was first made.

The total indebtedness is \$4,600,000,000 carrying interest at 3 per cent. for ten years and at 3½ per cent. thereafter. In addition, a portion of the capital debt, gradually increasing in accordance with a table of payments, is to be discharged each year. For example, in 1923 \$138,000,000 (3 per cent. on \$4,600,000,000) must be paid in interest and \$23,000,000 in repayment of capital, making \$161,000,000 altogether (equivalent to £35,000,000 at the current rate of exchange of \$4.59 to the £). In 1933 \$152,000,000 (3½ per cent. on \$4,340,000,000, assuming that \$260,000,000 capital has been repaid meanwhile in accordance with the schedule) must be paid in interest and \$32,000,000 in repayment of capital, making \$184,000,000 altogether. In 1950 \$127,000,000 will be payable for interest and \$53,000,000 for capital, making \$180,000,000; and the annual total will remain round about this figure until 1984, by which time the aggregate total of the annual instalments will have mounted up to more than ten thousand million dollars.

It scarcely requires illustrations to bring home the magnitude of this burden. We shall be paying to the United States each year for sixty years a sum equivalent to two-thirds the cost of our Navy, nearly equal to the State expenditure on Education, more than the total burden of our pre-war debt, more than the total profits of the whole of our mercantile marine and the whole of our mines together. With these sums we could endow and splendidly house *every month* for sixty years one university, one hospital, one institute of research, etcetera, etcetera. With an equal sacrifice over an equal period we could abolish slums and re-house in comfort the half of our population which is now inadequately sheltered.

For these reasons, and on account also of the technical problem involved in purchasing over the exchanges

\$500,000 every weekday, on the average, for sixty years, we must examine with care every slight opportunity which the agreement may give for alleviating the burden. In this respect the United States Treasury has been generous, and has allowed several useful options, which may operate to our advantage in course of time. In the first place, we are entitled for five years (*i.e.*, up to 1927) to fund half the interest due and add it to the *corpus* of the debt. Our Treasury will be well advised to take advantage of this provision, so far as is required to enable us to redeem the balance of our bonds held by the public in the United States, which carry a much higher rate of interest than $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. (our $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds now stand below 102).

There is a further provision by which we can pay in any bonds of the United States, issued or to be issued subsequent to 1917, taken at par and accrued interest. Since such bonds are now obtainable round about 98, this allows us at the moment a discount of 2 per cent.; and at some future time we may secure a far greater advantage than this. For the rate of interest sometimes goes up and sometimes goes down. Whenever it goes up higher than the rate current at some date when the United States was issuing bonds, such bonds will fall to a discount. Over a long period of years, there are sure to be times when this option will have a value.

The most important provision, however, if we take a long view, is that which gives us an option to pay either in United States gold coin, or in *gold bullion*. That is to say, we shall get the full advantage of any future depreciation in the value of gold, whether by the discoveries of chemists or because of the demonetization of the metal or for any other reason. If the legal-tender dollar becomes depreciated in terms of gold, the option to pay in U.S. bonds becomes valuable. If the legal-tender dollar becomes appreciated in terms of gold (as, for example, by a closing of the U.S. Mint to gold in the interests of price stability), the option to pay in gold bullion becomes valuable. Over a long course of years one or other of these events is extremely likely to occur. In effect we are entitled to pay in legal-tender dollars or in gold bullion, whichever is the less valuable; and of the double option I believe myself that the right to pay in gold bullion is the one we are likely to make use of.

At all events, the result is to give us a big interest, so far as the American debt is concerned (there may be some offsets in certain contingencies, if we take our national balance sheet as a whole, in respect of sums owed by others to ourselves), in gold having as low a value as possible. If the commodity-value of gold were to rise to what it was in 1914, the real burden of the American debt would be increased 50 per cent.; and if it were to fall to what it was in the summer of 1920, the real burden would be decreased nearly 50 per cent. There has been no attempt whatever to stabilize the value of the debt in terms of goods and services. The cheaper gold is, the less we have to pay; and *vice versa*.

There is no other example of international obligations on this scale, covering so long a term of years, being fixed in terms of gold bullion. The arrangement may have a considerable reaction on future currency policy. For whilst it will be in our interest for gold to fall in value, we shall certainly want to avoid the rise of sterling prices which would occur if sterling was allowed to depreciate along with gold.

Since at the present moment gold is tending to appreciate, those who favour a policy of stabilizing prices are willing to allow sterling to fall, if necessary, in terms of gold. But this is, very likely, a temporary phenomenon. In the long run, gold, left to itself, may depreciate; and in this case, the policy of price-

stabilization will favour a recovery of sterling to its gold parity and *even higher*. This development is much to be hoped for; for in that case price-stabilizers will be able to claim "respectability" as well as wisdom, and will be freed from the moral taint which seems to attach at present to anyone who does not object to a fall of the sterling exchange. When price-stabilization does not require a devaluation of the old standard, but even involves raising it above its old parity, many sturdy prejudices against such an innovation will disappear.

On every ground, therefore, it is a British interest (except for shareholders in gold mines) that gold should fall in value. On the other hand it is a pure delusion to suppose that to increase the value of sterling lightens the burden of the American debt. The "Daily Mail" and other critics of some views, expressed in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM in recent weeks, believe that if the gold-value of sterling (*e.g.*) is doubled, the burden of the American debt is halved. If the increased gold-value of sterling is due to the diminished commodity-value of gold (*i.e.*, stable sterling prices), this result follows. But if the increased gold-value of sterling is due to the increased commodity-value of sterling (*i.e.*, falling sterling prices), the result does not follow at all. *Nothing* can alleviate the burden of the American debt except a fall in the commodity-value of gold; and if this occurs, it does not matter in the least, so far as this debt is concerned, whether the gold-value of sterling rises or falls.

The readers of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM must excuse me for bringing economics from the decent seclusion of the back page into this part of the paper. But these problems are acquiring so much importance, and are going to be the subject of so much political controversy, that they must be dragged out of academic groves into the limelight of the big world. After all, questions of currency are not a bit more difficult than the theory of Free Trade;—indeed, with a little familiarity they will prove much easier. A hundred years ago statesmen, pushed from behind by economists, began the great fight for Free Trade. Another issue, hardly less important, is now ripe for the statesmen; and the public must take heed.

THE ROTHERMERE PRESS AND FRANCE.

It would, I suppose, be agreed by every student of public affairs that the most formidable difficulty that besets Mr. Baldwin in dealing with France is the astonishing dementia of Lord Rothermere. In himself this person is of no consequence whatever. With a very just appreciation of his intellectual value, he has taken care never to come before the footlights in his own person. In this he is wise, if we may judge from the articles to which he occasionally puts his name, and which, assuming that he is their author, reveal him as a man of low intelligence and coarse fibre. He has never sat in the House of Commons, and though he has for years had a seat in the House of Lords, he has, I believe, never ventured to make a speech there. During the war his journalistic truculence led to his being pitchforked by Mr. Lloyd George into the Ministry of Air, to which his one serious contribution was the proposal that the British Museum should be dismantled in order to provide his department with a suitable office, and from which he incontinently fled when it became necessary to defend that department in the House of Lords.

But though, judged by any test of fitness that can be applied, Lord Rothermere is barren of all title to public respect or influence, he is armed with a weapon

that makes him the most powerful individual in the State, and he has not hesitated to use it in a way that menaces not only the peace of the world, but the economic existence of this country. That weapon consists of the great machine for manufacturing mob opinion, which he chiefly inherits from his brother, the late Lord Northcliffe. There has never been, in this or any other country, so tremendous an engine for stamping the public thought with the bias of a single mind as that controlled by Lord Rothermere to-day. Through his innumerable newspapers—the "Daily Mail," the "Evening News," the "Sunday Pictorial," the "Weekly Dispatch," and similar organs—he permeates half the households of the land. On a moderate estimate he has daily or weekly access to five million homes, and in the majority of cases the news he chooses to purvey and the opinions he chooses to disseminate are the only sources of information and enlightenment that his readers enjoy.

This unprecedented power has been exercised with a ruthless disregard of the traditions of the Press that has had no parallel in the past. "The power of the Press," said Lord Northcliffe, "is to sup-press," and he and his successors have wielded that power with an effrontery that recognizes no limits. When that distinguished journalist, Mr. George Saunders, was sent in 1920 to Germany to report on the condition of that country for the "Times" (now happily restored to responsible hands), his articles were suspended because they related facts which Lord Northcliffe would not permit the public to be told. When Mr. H. G. Wells went with a commission to describe for the "Daily Mail" the proceedings of the Washington Conference, his articles were suppressed because they dealt frankly with the momentous revelation of French aims and intentions which the Conference disclosed. Neither Mr. Saunders nor Mr. Wells was muzzled because he did not tell the truth. Both were muzzled because they did tell the truth, and because they refused to give out the "dope" that Lord Northcliffe intended his readers should have. The practice, honoured by every respectable journal in the past, of confining the expression of editorial opinion to the leader columns, and observing a high standard of impartiality in the news columns—a tradition which lies at the very root of an instructed public opinion—has been systematically and flagrantly outraged. Leaders have ceased to have importance in this journalism of stunts and apopleptic seizures; but the news columns have been saturated with the prejudices and policies which the Harmsworths sought to impose on the public mind.

The grotesque lengths to which this impudent perversion of the chief function of a newspaper have been carried have sometimes supplied their own antidote, as in the case of the daily columns of imbecile letters on the Ruhr with which the "Daily Mail" has made itself a competitor in silliness with Lord Rothermere's other organ, "Comic Cuts." But in the case of the systematic manipulation of the news, the suppression of facts that are inconsistent with the purpose in view, and the calculated selection of facts that seem to support the purpose in view, the public have no such corrective at command. They do not, being for the most part simple and ignorant people, suspect the enormous fiction of which they are the sport. They accept what they read in good faith, and innocently suppose that they have themselves conceived the opinions which have been insinuated into their minds by the daily drip of the Rothermere Press.

At no period has this public peril assumed such dimensions as in the last six months. During that time

three British Prime Ministers in turn have been engaged in the most desperate attempt to save the shattered shell of the European system from final wreck, and, incidentally, this country from irreparable economic ruin. Their opposition to M. Poincaré's policy has been the growth of considerations that no Prime Minister of Great Britain could disregard. Whatever party is in power, whatever Minister is in supreme office, they will be compelled by the inexorable necessity of things to pursue the path which Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. Baldwin have trodden in turn. The tragedy is that that path was not clearly defined four years ago, when it was apparent to every informed observer that France was heading for the disintegration of Europe and the establishment of a military and economic hegemony of the Continent which, in destroying the means by which we lived, was destined to bring this nation into conflict with her aims. The conflict has come, and for months past, with infinite patience and restraint and in the face of a hectoring and often offensive attitude that few great nations would have submitted to in silence, one British Government after another has sought to make the position of this country clear without breaking the slender thread by which the peace of the two nations is maintained.

And all the time the chief enemy of the Prime Minister, no matter whether it was Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, or Mr. Baldwin, has been in our midst. All the time Lord Rothermere has been the instrument of M. Poincaré in his policy of riding down the British Government and making it submissive to his incendiary aims. Day by day the country has been flooded from end to end with a torrent of garbled and demented propaganda and a Niagara of shrieking letters, all couched in the same terms of ignorant hysteria, the purpose of which was to make the existence of one Government after another impossible, and to establish M. Poincaré as the dictator of the policy of this country. The gravity of this monstrous campaign—monstrous not merely because of its disloyalty to the country, but still more because of the dishonesty of the methods by which it is promoted—is aggravated by the fact that every responsible paper which has honourably supported the Government in the crisis has preserved an extreme, and as I think fatal, reserve in the presentation of the British case in the hope that M. Poincaré would in the end listen to reason. The result is, not only that the path of the Government has been made incredibly more difficult at home, but that to the outside world it has seemed that the whole British nation was screaming "Hats off to France," and that the British Government was at war with the overwhelming current of British opinion. M. Poincaré has exploited this fantastic situation to the utmost, and, doubtless believing that the Rothermere Press and not the Government represented the English mind, has publicly adopted to the latter a tone of scornful and minatory authority.

It is unnecessary to inquire what is the motive of this astonishing episode. Whether it springs from personal considerations, or from an insane miscalculation of the mind of the country, or from sheer ignorance, or from that drunkenness with which "the sight of power" afflicts gross and unbalanced minds, does not concern us here. Whatever the motive, we are in the presence of a deliberate and impudent attempt to destroy Parliamentary government and to substitute the dictatorship of a lawless mob, inflamed with passion and subject to an irresponsible power which is great in virtue of nothing but the control of a machine of publicity, and which we do not elect and cannot bring to judgment. Has society no protection against this

enormous menace to its ordered existence? Is the freedom of the Press, which was once the guardian of our liberties, to become the instrument of mob rule and the tyranny of any coarse adventurer who can seize control of it? Are we to drift into Fascism with Lord Rothermere or his Man Friday, Mr. Lovat Fraser, as its Mussolini? The question is for Parliament, which has too long ignored this challenge to its authority. It is for the responsible remnant of the Press, whose timidity in dealing with this pestilent growth is largely the source of its power. And it is for the public who are at once its dupes and its instruments. When once these forces decide to deal in their several ways with the Poison Press they will be astonished at the result. For the truth about this vast imposture is that it has grown great not merely by the methods of the public bully, but through the cowardice of those who ought to protect the interests of the country against its corrupting and disastrous influence.

A. G. G.

MORE AMERICANIZATION.

THE report of the Select Committee on the limitation of divorce reports really calls for humorous rather than for serious treatment. Unfortunately, its possible effects are so serious that we are compelled to treat it seriously. The Committee has not only endorsed the main proposals of the Bill submitted to it—which would prohibit the publication of the evidence, and of counsel's speeches except in so far as they are concerned merely with questions of law, in all matrimonial cases—it has amended the Bill so that it now prohibits the publication, in reports of *any* judicial proceedings, of "any indecent matter, or medical, surgical, or physiological details, being matter or details the publication of which would be calculated to injure public morals or otherwise be to the public mischief."

The Bill thus delivers a frontal assault on an essential principle of justice: that the courts should operate under the watchful eye of the public, in order that any miscarriage of justice may promptly be detected and that any inadequacy of the law itself may be noted and dealt with. If the Bill passes, people may go to prison for long periods, and the public at large will not have any means of knowing whether the evidence justified the verdict or the sentence. If any person or persons believe that there has been a miscarriage of justice they will not be able to draw public attention to it, because no newspaper will be able to deal with the evidence if it is of a "medical, surgical, or physiological" nature which our mandarins regard as injurious to public morals. It should be noted, moreover, that the same authorities who take the initiative to secure the original conviction will have to decide whether or not to prosecute those who challenge the justice of the conviction. In civil proceedings the results will be equally injurious and absurd. So far as we can see, the Bill will prevent any useful report of cases such as the Stopes case at all, for the points at issue were very largely "medical, surgical, or physiological" in the sense in which those terms are used in the Bill.

The Bill as it stands will tend to stereotype an extremely silly and conventional definition of indecency itself. The words we have quoted indicate what that definition is. The Stopes case, the agitation against the publication of divorce reports, and this very egregious Bill, all originated in one singular fact: that in the present phase of our strange civilization what we shame-

fully call "the facts of life" are regarded as fundamentally indecent. All of us are born, and most of us marry and have children, yet many of us insist that the facts about marriage and birth must never be mentioned. It cannot be sincerely argued, moreover, that "the facts of life" are placed under this tabu because they are intimate and sacred. That is not the conventional attitude towards them at all. The convention is that there is something horrid and unclean about them.

Now that convention itself is singularly horrid and unclean. It is indecent in a sense in which medicine, surgery, and physiology can never be indecent. It makes people joke about things which contain no element of real humour whatsoever. It causes some books to be read which have no merit, and others to be suppressed which have great merit. It makes it worth the while of some newspapers to give a disproportionate amount of space to singularly dull and unimportant cases. It causes the public, and especially the more youthful members of the public, either to remain ignorant of "the facts of life," or to acquire partial knowledge of them only by a sordid route or by bitter experience. In short, the sooner we admit to ourselves that "the facts of life" are the most important of all facts to live people, and that everyone ought to know all that there is to be known about them, the better for all of us.

If this Bill passes, the veil of convention will become more impenetrable than ever. As the Select Committee remarks with an engaging simplicity, "proceedings on the prosecution of a person for publishing indecent matter would themselves become subject to restriction." We commented last week on another Bill now before Parliament which dangerously extends the law in defence of "decency." Now the prospect opens before us of a whole stream of prosecution for offences which can never take definite shape in the public mind because their real nature can never be stated. They will merely be "indecentencies" or "certain offences," and will be left at that; and we shall never know whether the alleged offender is a mere pornographer or a prophet who wishes to say something it would be good for us to hear. And all this is to be made possible because a small proportion of divorce cases receive a disproportionate amount of space in some newspapers; although the reports do a quite negligible amount of harm and would do none whatever if young people had some other access to knowledge of "the facts of life," and although nine-tenths of the cases would never arise at all if the law did not insist on misconduct as a condition precedent to divorce. We would respectfully refer the Select Committee to an essay by Charles Lamb describing an expensive method of roasting pork.

LIFE AND POLITICS

At last Mr. Baldwin has told the House of Commons what he is doing. The effect is to raise doubts whether the present Government is capable of dealing with the situation. The result of an enormous amount of drafting and debate is singularly unimpressive. Mr. Baldwin means well. But he has no constructive ideas, no springs of energy, and no definite aim. Add to this much divergence of opinion within the Cabinet itself, and the result is naturally feeble. Not in this spirit or with these weak impulses will Great Britain inspire the world or restore the peace of Europe. Mr. Baldwin seems more in his element in sentimental reminiscing at his old school.

THE documents are to be published. That is necessary. We are to expound our case to the world. That is right and overdue. But the documents are not likely to contain much which we do not know already. And our attitude is far too undecided to rally the moral forces of the world.

THE Leeds by-election has been hailed by the Rothermere Press as a victory for Poincaré and the policy of destroying Germany. This may give a measure of the extent of their isolation; for, in fact, Sir Charles Wilson, having once expressed his sympathy for French policy, spent the rest of his election campaign in desperately trying to remove the impression he had produced. Even so, he only scraped in by a much reduced majority, and secured less than half of the votes polled. The truth is that Mr. Baldwin could count on solid support in the country for a more thoroughgoing policy than he seems likely to pursue.

MR. KEYNES's article in last week's NATION AND ATHENÆUM, suggesting that the best immediate settlement of Reparations would be to fix the nominal German debt at 50 milliards, to divide this according to the Spa percentages, and to cancel inter-Allied debt, has been the subject of a leading article of qualified approval by the "Journal des Débats," which has a semi-official position in Paris, and of wholehearted agreement by the "Popolo d'Italia," which is the organ of Signor Mussolini in Rome. The reason for this is to be found, no doubt, mainly in Mr. Keynes's unequivocal proposal to cancel debts,—a proposal never yet made officially by the British Government. But the reaction to Mr. Keynes's scheme in France and Italy indicates that Mr. Baldwin still has one valuable inducement in hand, from which no British Prime Minister has yet attempted to get the full value,—though the appropriate time for using it may have passed by for the moment. The occupation of the Ruhr, which from being a means has become an end in itself, is now the main obstacle to some sort of a provisional settlement.

It is unfortunately not only in France that the will to a settlement is distracted by uneasy forebodings of the consequences of allowing Germany to get upon her feet again. It is deplorable to find an ex-Chancellor like Sir Robert Horne warning us that Germany must not be let off too lightly, or she would overwhelm us in trade competition. "She has no external debt. She has got rid of her internal debt by the inflation of her currency, and every business in Germany which previously carried a burden of debenture interest has got rid of its debenture debt." But if Sir Robert Horne thinks that these advantages outweigh the evils of inflation, why does he not advocate that policy for this country? Or why not attain the same result more directly by an extremely drastic, indiscriminate, and ungraduated capital levy? Surely the last few years should have taught us that our trade has far more to fear from the paralysis of German economic life than from its prosperity.

MR. W. PETT RIDGE writes:—

"Charles Hawtrey has withdrawn from the table of good cheer, and the remaining guests are grieved and thoughtful. Few men in London could be so acutely missed. In a limited circle he was almost Czar and

Emperor; in a wider field he earned and held unbounded admiration. To see him act was like watching Hearn, J. W., bat: it seemed as though anyone could do it; and in his time he must have been responsible for the decision of many young folk to go on the stage. There was more in the art than the beginner realized. It could never be said of Charles Hawtrey, as was said of a former colleague in the profession, that 'he doesn't act, he behaves'; and the engaging air of casualness he was able to convey resulted from painstaking and accurate rehearsal. He could be an object of interest when doing nothing. His timing was wonderful. Think of the way he gave the dialogue in 'An Ideal Husband.' Lord Caversham asks, 'Do you always really understand what you say?' and Hawtrey, as his son, replies, after the exactly correct hesitation, 'Yes, father, if I listen attentively!' The years that have passed cannot erase this from the mind. In later days he gained a reputation as a producer, and the reputation was well grounded; his knowledge, experience, and serenity helped enormously. It was only when he had to produce and to play at the same time that one task suffered, and the theatre public, out of their love for him, easily forgave. To many of us his name is associated with a store of happy memories that will always be affectionately retained."

It is interesting to consider the mischief which will probably result from the recent speeches of those eminent medical authorities, Lord Dawson of Penn and Sir S. Russell Wells. The tendency of the human animal to absorb more and more alcohol as he advances in years would seem scarcely to require the added momentum of a medical prescription by these distinguished gentlemen, one adorning the upper and the other the lower Chamber. All experience, however, tends to confirm the dicta of these medicine-men as to the solemnity which settles down upon the abstainer at a public dinner. Indeed, when one considers the appalling twaddle of which, for the most part, after-dinner speeches consist, it is obvious that to enjoy such an affliction one must be somewhat fuddled. Was there not an eminent judge who said it was quite necessary for him to consume several pints of beer before attending a meeting of the bench in order to reduce himself to the intellectual level of his brethren?

THE exhibition of objects excavated on the site of Ur should draw many people to the British Museum. Ur of the Chaldees is a name rich in suggestions. To some, it speaks of Abraham, "the friend of God"; to some, of an ancient and mysterious wisdom; to some, of the first dawn of material civilization. The present finds range back to the third millennium B.C., and include many objects of artistic and historical importance; but perhaps the chief discovery was a cache of 350 inscribed tablets. "Unfortunately," we are told, "these were chiefly contracts." Yet contracts may do more than annals to bring us into touch with the remote past. The conception of weights, from which our modern systems are derived by unbroken descent, and which led to the introduction of a specified weight of a metal as the standard of value, may have been first known at Ur. There is some reason to think that the dwellers in Ur were the first men to conceive and develop the ideas of contract, value, and the mechanism of exchange, which have made possible modern life, for good or evil.

OMICRON.

GAMSBODEN*

By NORMAN DOUGLAS.

THERE is nothing to tell of our walk to the Formarin lake which lies under the precipitous red crags (a kind of marble called *Adneter Kalk*) of the Rothe Wand and thence to the summit of the grass-topped Ganahlskopf—nothing, save that the Alpine flowers, not so much the rhododendrons as the yellow violets, were a source of considerable interest to my companion. I could have shown him the scarcer Edelraute (*Artemisia mutellina*) which grows on some rocks near the east foot of that hill, but preferred taking no risks and did not so much as mention the plant. Here also he was able to inspect a flourishing colony of marmots, a quadruped which, in spite of my assurances to the contrary, he had hitherto been disposed to regard as mythological or imaginary.

I chose Ganahlskopf because it is from thence—from its southern base; but Mr. R. rightly insisted on going to the top—that, with the help of a good glass, a distant but clear view can be obtained of the scene of my father's accident while chamois shooting. It occurred, when he was only thirty-six years old, at the Gamsboden heights, so-called from the frequency of chamois to be found there; the place is about a mile off as the crow flies, and on one of its pinnacles you may detect a wooden cross which is perennially renewed by chamois hunters in memory of him; it stands as near to the actual site as most people would care to go. He had just returned from an ascent of the Gross Litzner (or Gross Seehorn)—the second time this peak had ever been climbed (the first was in 1869), and the thing must have happened soon after September 7th, 1874, for that is the date of his last letter to his wife, in which he says: "I shall go shooting for a few days to Spuller and Formarin" (Gamsboden lies midway between these two lakes); "if I delay, I may not be able to traverse any longer the upper grounds because snow falls there so often and so early." Now hard by that wooden cross is a black precipice which scars the mountain from top to bottom; this is the spot; he fell while attempting to cross the scar, or else while standing immediately above it on some soil which gave way under his weight; the former is probably the truth. I inquired, but have never heard of anyone else essaying the same feat; for my own part, nothing would induce me to proceed more than a couple of yards on that particular surface. For even at our distance of a mile you may guess what it consists of: it is the foul, sooty shale called *Algäu-Schiefer*, perfidious and friable stuff, not to be called rock at all save in the geological sense of the word.

Slopes covered by ice or snow have their dangers, so have those decked with the innocent-looking dry grass which, for reasons I cannot explain, is so abhorrent to me, that I will make any detour to avoid them; all three of these can be tackled by firm feet and the help of an axe-head as grapnel or for step-cutting. Nothing is to be done, either with feet or with artificial appliances, on an even moderate incline of such Liassic shale, for it yields to pressure and slides down, and this is where a chamois has the advantage over us. A man may scramble about honest crags like a fly on a wall, as securely as any chamois though not so fast; on precipices of the crumbling *Algäu-Schiefer* the animal leaps, and leaps again before the stuff has gathered momentum, and what shall man do? Avoid them, until he has

acquired the capacity of bouncing like a chamois; in other words, like an indiarubber ball.

Hardly had we reached home again, after a long walk down from Formarin over Lagutz and Marul and Raggal, before Mr. R., who has a sweet nature but is apt to be pig-headed at times beyond the common measure of man, began to complain bitterly that I had shown him no chamois, proceeding thereafter to hint that all my accounts of such animals might well be pure inventions; the chamois-race was doubtless as extinct as the ibex I had shown him at Innsbruck; otherwise, why were they not on the spot, "where they ought to have been," like those marmots? As if the country were a kind of perambulating menagerie! I am all for humouring young people up to a certain reasonable point, but it was a little more than I had bargained for, to start off climbing again that moment. Had he expressed any such wish at Formarin, we might have wandered towards Lech and entered some side-valley on our left, and possibly espied a beast or two among the crags. He said not a word about it up there. And now it was nothing but:

"Show them! Show them! What am I here for?"

"To learn English."

"And to see the sights of the country. Such was our bargain. All your talk about chamois—ah, ah! I begin to understand."

"I showed you a wild roe-deer in the Lutz forest last week, the first you ever saw in your life; and the devil's own job it was to get you to see it. Won't that do?"

"There you made a mistake. You ought to have called it a chamois. Then I should have believed that chamois still exist."

"Still exist? Why, we had chamois only the other day for luncheon."

"It might have been bad mutton."

"What next! It was delicious; and no more like mutton than—than —"

"I see what it is. You are afraid of climbing rocks. You have lost your nerve; I noticed it long ago on the cliffs at Scanno, but there are certain subjects one does not like to dwell upon between friends. *Troppo vino*. You comprehend?"

"Nothing of the kind. And if it were *troppo vino*, what object do you gain by being offensive about it?"

"To shame you into showing them."

"Well, after that, I suppose you will have to see them. As to climbing rocks—I think I can show chamois to people without climbing at all."

So I did; by a stroke of luck which was surely not undeserved. Knowing Mr. R.'s character only too well, and how that there would not be another moment's peace for me until those legendary creatures had been proved to exist, I called to mind, after some little thought, a place where chamois could almost invariably be seen, and we left home then and there, over Bludenz and Brand and the Zalim alp towards the Strassburger hut which lies under the Scesaplana, between a precipice and a perennial snow-field; arriving just as the sun went down. Near the end of our march we turned a little to the right and glanced about us. There they were, three young beasts, almost straight below; unmistakable chamois, and as close at hand as anyone could wish. Straightway Mr. R., whose familiarity with precipices is only surpassed by his familiarity with

* Previous articles by Mr. Norman Douglas appeared in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM for June 30th and July 21st.

English grammar, proposed scrambling down a sheer wall of several hundred feet and then throwing stones at them from behind. Who knows? A chance hit on the head, and we might bag one or the other. What a lark, if we did! The novelty of the idea was so alluring that I might have succumbed, if the animals had not scented us—as they would have done ere this, had we been standing below them—and made off amid a resounding clatter of stones. Mr. R. formally declared himself to be satisfied.

"Thank God for that," I replied. "And, now that we are here, I will be able to show you something still funnier and more interesting to-morrow. Butterflies on this snow-field."

"Why not pelicans?"

"Some folks are hard to please."

There are nearly always frozen butterflies to be found up here. They have been wafted from their green meadows into these barren Arctic regions on the upward-striving blasts of the Fön.

Meanwhile, we passed the night in the well-heated Strassburger hut, where we discovered as objectionable a crowd of Teutons as I have ever seen gathered together; and I have seen not a few. A fierce argument was proceeding between two of these bullet-headed ones as to whether the snow-field was a *Ferner* or a *Gletscher*. The *Ferner* man was right (though the Tyrolese use the word "*Fern*" for a glacier); but his opponent also came in for some share of applause. He had the louder voice of the two.

Up the Scesaplana next morning in time for the sunrise, where Mr. R. grew silent and respectful. Naturally enough. For there is something oppressive to the spirit on being thus islanded, for the first time, in a glittering ocean of Alpine peaks, and breathing the icy air of dawn at 3,000 metres. I greeted old friends that rose up round us, and my glance, turning eastwards, rested at last upon the stainless white dome of the Ortler, fifty or sixty miles away. I called to mind that short snow-arête just before you reach the summit, knife-like and not even level; would I now care to run along it, as I did then? Well, that was in the 'eighties, and perhaps they have built a railway up the Ortler by this time; in the 'eighties, while we were touring on old-fashioned high bicycles over the Stelvio pass—a record, I fancy: there was a notice of it in the "*C.T.C. Gazette*"; over the Stelvio into Italy and back by the Splügen, riding home in one day from the Post at Splügen over Thusis and Chur and Ragatz and Feldkirch—which was also something of an achievement for the wretched machines of those days.

On the way down, we stepped for a moment into the Lünensee hut, where Mr. R. had a look at the large photograph of my father after whom the place had been named, then followed the Rellsthal towards Vandans under that formidable flank of the Zimba on which the other tourist had died of sheer fright. During this descent my companion, unfortunately, began to relapse into something like his normal frame of mind; that is to say, our pleasure was nearly marred by persistent jocular allusions to that London hat of mine which has not yet ceased to provoke his merriment. Some time ago I was under the impression that he had forgotten this trivial and well-worn theme of mirth. Far from it. Young people never will realize when a joke has grown threadbare, and he now distilled so much fresh laughter out of its shape, its colour, its brim and other details of construction, its general fit, its suitability to my particular style, likening me at one time to his own countryman Napoleon and at another to a certain old

female cousin of whose existence I had hitherto been unaware, that I was on the verge of getting annoyed when I hit upon the genial expedient of making him translate his miserable witticisms into the English tongue.

Then, and not till then, did they become really amusing; it was my turn to laugh.

NATURAL HISTORIES.

THE OYSTER

has no senses, and therefore no knowledge of the outside world. He has long ago abandoned himself to a kind of lyrical rapture, out of which he never emerges until the pepper is put upon him. The touch of real things never corrupts his paradise, where Adam and Eve still walk in the purity of ancient days. His is an ideal world, where all desires are instantly fulfilled; he is the hero of all the most magnificent parts, and out of his own life weaves long epics more beautiful than the poems of Homer.

As a consequence of this the oyster has no intellect, for intellect appears only when the will is frustrated and is the measure of its frustration. Who cannot see that it is the function of the intellect to bring the private life of the animal into relation with its environment? And for the oyster there is no environment, only a vague, undifferentiated medium. Yes, the intellect is a kind of cunning which thrives on frustration. The intellectuals are the most frustrated of men; they are those who live in the most hampering situations; they are only what they are *faute de mieux*.

But it is pleasant to know that he does not feel this lack of intellect, for he imagines that he has it. Which very thing ought, of course, to prove to him that he hasn't got it, for if he had it, would he need the imagination to tell him that he had it? But then, of course, as he definitely does not have it, he cannot be expected to see that.

THE MOTH

is a true idealist. Not only does he desire what he has not got, he desires what he can never have, and what, could he have it, he would wish he had never thought of. The moth is an ardent devotee of Impossibilism. He cares only for the Unattainable—could anything be more sublime? What are even the strongest desires of human beings compared with the consuming nostalgia of this insect?

Another point in his favour: like Spinoza, he loves Sirius, the brightest star, without asking for any return of his affection.

THE HARE

is the bravest of the animals. His courage is entirely in his feet. Learn from the example of this gallant beast that that is the best place to keep it in.

THE TORTOISE

certainly looks slow, but it has taken seventy-two generations of mathematicians (since Zeno) to beat it. Even now we do not know for certain who got in first.

THE FLEA.

The rule about fleas is: "To every kind of animal its own flea, and the smaller the animal the larger the flea, and *vice versa*." Some small creatures have fleas much larger than themselves walking about on them. The whale's flea (*Pulis balensis*) is so small that nobody has ever yet seen it, even with a microscope.

The flea not only sucks the blood of its host but injects poison into it at the risk of its own life; for the poison causes pain and sets the host a-scratching.

This—to endanger your own life in order to give a pinprick to your benefactor—is the most disinterested malice that can be thought of. In the Moral World fleas come under a special category; they suffer from an extreme originality, are quite the most far-fetched of God's inventions. Even Dostoevsky did not thoroughly understand them.

THE WORM

has one head in his tail and a second tail in his other head. The result is most embarrassing for those who wish to distinguish between these two organs, and has a marked effect upon the table manners of this little reptile.

Of a most fierce and vindictive nature, he turns upon the hand that nourished him. If his strength were to equal his ferocity, he would indeed be a terrible monster.

THE SNAIL

is every bit as brave as he is strong. He advances upon his foe in a straight line and at a steady, even pace. He is said never to flinch under any pain nor to succumb under any difficulty, if supported by the knowledge that he is fulfilling his duty. Even if you flick your hand across his face he will not blink nor show the slightest sign of fear, but will continue to look you in the eyes, firmly, proudly, and perhaps a little sadly.

B. BUFFON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WAITING FOR AMERICA.

SIR,—In your issue of July 28th I am in accord with most of the excellent article by A. G. G. on "Waiting for America."

May I point out one frequently repeated error of fact? The writer says: "Isolation is preached as if George Washington had just uttered his denunciation of *entangling alliances*," &c. A careful reading of Washington's remarkable "Farewell Address" will reveal the fact that the words "entangling alliances" do not appear in that document. He warned us against "permanent alliances." Jefferson was the author of the phrase "entangling alliances."—Yours, &c.,

W. W. KEEN.

LIQUOR SMUGGLING.

SIR,—I must confess to a very real disappointment on reading your leader, in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM for June 30th, concerning the right of English liners to bring their liquor to our shore. You say no American imagines that the Act has any connection with smuggling. I, on the spot, know few Americans who do not know that the matter, the decision, is all woven in and out of smuggling. You cannot protect a coast and make all sorts of exceptions to foreign shipping. England might not use the protection to smuggle, but some other nation might. You quote the "World" and "Times" of New York as not in sympathy. One on the spot has to smile. The "World" and "Times" are Wet. The "World" is the Wet leader and against the present Administration.

This great country is young and imbued with a modern idea—that the fittest survive. It wants to be that fittest. Alcohol, drugs, poverty, war are race-destroyers. Hence there are great movements to rid the world of these pests. Prohibition has proved itself (in the States) the best way to reduce the drink evil to a minimum. Therefore, your American out in the great virile stretches of the country wants it. But to get it, he must guard his coast. England, when she wanted to suppress the slave trade, guarded her coast well out to sea. Your attitude that there is nothing

but "bunkum" in all this shipping controversy is not the way out. There is race-survival underneath it, the creed of a people. You write with mind shut up tight, quoting papers naturally hostile. Pardon me!—but such attitudes never got any issue out of the woods. We are trying to build the international mind; perhaps, when you wrote your leader it was a hot day, and your mind reverted to the primitive nationalism.—Yours, &c.,

ELIZABETH TILTON.

Cambridge, Mass.

MONETARY POLICY.

SIR,—May I point out that Mr. Mason's contention that we "might as well attempt to stabilize the winds or the weather" as attempt to stabilize prices shows a failure to grasp the application of the quantity principle to this question, as well as some confusion of metaphor? To enable a steamer to maintain an approximately straight course at sea it is not necessary to control the waves and the winds. The feat can be accomplished in spite of these things by a judicious use of the helm. In British commerce the winds and waves are represented by such factors as the occupation of the Ruhr, the state of foreign countries generally, the state of the exchanges, and such factors as strikes, harvests, &c. The helm is held by the Governors of the Bank of England, who control the issues of credit, and it will surely be soon enough to declare that the ship will never answer the helm when some attempt has been made to use it intelligently.

Much the same fallacy is involved in the statement, so frequently urged as a reason for not grappling seriously with the problem of preventing unemployment, that the causes of unemployment are many. These many causes are themselves mainly caused by the general slumps brought on by contractions of credit. Take seasonal fluctuations as an example. If the merchant were reasonably sure of his market he could afford to place his orders months ahead, and he would do so in order to ensure delivery in good time. Given plentiful employment, the masters and men in any given trade could, by mutual agreement, compel him to do this by taking orders in strict rotation, and thus giving safeguards the option of mending their ways or running the risk of not securing delivery in time for the best of the season's trade. Moreover, a stimulus could be given to trade during the slack season by providing cheaper money. Thus seasonal fluctuation would be reduced to a minimum. But under present conditions the merchant is always exposed to the risk of the season proving a failure, and he naturally postpones his orders as long as possible, with inevitable violent contrasts between busy and slack months as a consequence; while neither masters nor men are in a position to impose better methods. Again, we have far too large a proportion of unskilled workers, and these always suffer first during a slump. Yet trade prosperity rapidly absorbs them. There is a continual opening of fresh avenues of employment, and all these avenues absorb large numbers of unskilled workers, some of whom obtain the chance of becoming skilled workers. Thus the moving-picture industry in this country is said to employ over 300,000 workers already. So the remedy for all these minor causes is to be found in the remedy for the main cause.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES EDWARD PELL.

CONTROL OF THE WEATHER.

SIR,—In your issue for March 31st last there appeared an article by "S." on "Controlling the Weather." The writer seemed to be of opinion that to bring about a rainfall artificially the power used would require to be of such excessive strength as to make the thing an impossibility. In this I do not agree with him, and for the following reasons.

In cases of drought, be the temperature high or low, the barometer stands high, indicating a heavy condition of the atmosphere. In damp weather, on the contrary, the barometer indicates a lower pressure and a lighter atmosphere. This latter condition is due to the fact that condensation of the atmospheric moisture has taken place and precipitation, either as mist or rain, has begun, and the atmosphere is lighter in proportion with the precipitation. In the case

of drought the moisture is present in the atmosphere, but is in much the same condition as super-heated steam, i.e., dry, and because condensation does not take place in its then electric state, which is evidently repulsive and may be either negative or positive, the moisture molecules, being in similar electric state, repel each other.

To produce rainfall under those conditions is merely a matter of disturbing the electric balance of the area where rain is required, so that instead of repelling each other the molecules may attract one another, condense, and ultimately precipitate. The Hertzian waves of wireless installations have the power of magnetizing the particles in the coherer at distances of two or three thousand miles, and that with a very small fraction of the power originally used; for the waves of ether stress vary inversely as the square of the distance, like other undulatory forces spreading from a centre.

I have noticed on several occasions that when a third powerful Marconi station has been established, heavy rainfall has occurred in the area of maximum disturbance between the three points, and I am of opinion that in the very immediate future droughts will be broken by wireless waves issued from three or four transmitters at distances of 500 or 600 miles apart, such transmitters being of sufficient power to "jam" all other wireless waves for the time being.—Yours, &c.,

W. G. MURRAY.

Mossel Bay, South Africa.

TUBERCULOSIS.

SIR,—In the interesting article on tuberculosis published in your issue of July 21st, the writer states that we cannot hope to avoid contact with the bacillus completely, but that we need not necessarily succumb unless our resistance is in some way lowered or reduced. This popular theory that a man must be "run down" before infection is likely to work, was proved to be fallible when the army statistics showed strong men falling before the infection in crowded trenches and badly ventilated billets. Recent investigation into the numerous cases sent for treatment to Papworth Tuberculosis Colony has shown that, if the infection is close and continuous, the strongest and most vigorous is as likely to be attacked as the weakling—in fact, no such difference in chances exists. A sailing-boat set out with six men, apparently in the best of health. Meeting a serious storm for three days and nights, they had to remain battered down in a small space. One man died later of tuberculosis and the other five are all seriously affected. Six orderlies at a great War Hospital slept in neighbouring bunks in a small and somewhat ill-ventilated room. The disease, till then dormant in one of them, spread rapidly to all the others; three died and three are still under treatment. Another party of apparently strong young men, seven assistants in a laboratory, fell victims one after another. Here there was no lack of air or question of reduced vitality in the victims. It is a tale of a tube sucked, put down, and sucked again by each successively.—Yours, &c.,

Cambridge.

ELSBETH DIMSDALE,
Hon. Sec. Papworth Colony.

AN ANCIENT CODGER.

SIR,—I am much interested in Mr. Leonard Woolf's references to "An Ancient Codger" in "The World of Books" of your last issue. The Khoja was a household friend of our family when I was a child in the early 'eighties. Borrow's book, "The Turkish Jester," never came our way, but in "Aunt Judy's Magazine," conducted by Mrs. Gatty, and very popular as a children's and family periodical in the 'seventies and 'eighties, there appeared (I think it was in 1880) a series of perhaps a dozen "Tales of a Khoja," which were evidently an early translation from the same store. Many other people now in the forties and fifties must remember having read these as children, and, if I am not mistaken, before the publication of George Borrow's translation in 1884.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM E. WILSON.

RELIEF FOR GREEK REFUGEES.

SIR,—I hope you will give me space for a few words in connection with the proposed loan for the settlement of the Greek refugees, to which you drew attention in your editorial columns of July 14th.

It is of the utmost importance that there should be no misunderstanding in the minds of those who sympathize with the refugees that the conditional sanction of the loan by the League means that their sufferings are at an end. The League is prepared to offer its assistance and advice in the settlement schemes if the Greek Government can raise the money. Their chances of doing this are yet to be proved, although there is no doubt that the proposed scheme put up to the Council is business, and not the business-cum-philanthropy of which lenders might reasonably fight shy.

But meanwhile the refugees must live—on food, and not on the hopes of a loan materializing. They must be fed until they can be absorbed into those schemes which would be set on foot by the flotation of the loan. For there would, I understand definitely, be no provision for emergency relief or feeding. It is therefore of the utmost importance that the British people should continue to lend the aid which has been instrumental in saving over 35,000 lives. To leave these people destitute when there is reasonable hope of standing them on their feet again, is unthinkable. But there may be many who will be so reassured by the hope of the loan that they will think further assistance unnecessary. This is emphatically not the case: it may, in the circumstances, even be said to be of more importance than ever.

Donations should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Imperial War Relief Fund, General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C. 2.—Yours, &c.,

GERALD MILLER,
Secretary, Imperial War Relief Fund.

POETRY

NOSES.

WHERE is the poet who will not bequeath
An ode to hair or eyes or even teeth?
And yet the nose—the vent of hopes and fears—
The ultimate receptacle for tears—
Receives no homage! True, it's sometimes dubbed
"Straight" or "retroussé," but it's often snubbed.
Consider all the noses that you know
Except the one you look down and you blow,
Think of the nose that once ran to a point
But now is just a trifle out of joint,
The sea-anemone, the blob, the crumpet,
The nose that in some hands becomes a trumpet,
A thing through which men blow (as Milton blew)
Soul-animating strains, but not too few.
Think of the tears on powdered noses spilt
Because they lack the necessary tilt.
I sometimes think that never blows so red
The nose as where some buried Cæsar bled.
I sometimes think that when we stand and laugh
At the ingenuous hippo or giraffe,
Our noses blue with cold or white with powder,
Perhaps these animals laugh even louder.
An elephant, for instance, sprays and showers:
Such noses are prehensile limbs, but ours,
When they do function, are at best but noses;
But theirs are also valves and hands and hoses.
Animals don't paint their noses red
Or turn them up at other folk instead;
They do not scorn success or honour those
Who win the race for money by a nose,
Or burble through them in sepulchral tones,
Or jewel them with bangles or with bones;
But cultivate from fleas and bees to apes
An infinite variety of shapes.

GEOFFREY DEARMER.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

DRYDEN.

THERE seems to be a distinct rise of Dryden on the barometer or thermometer of literary appreciation. I rarely see his name mentioned by a modern pundit without high praise. A few weeks ago in the "Poetry and Life Series" there appeared "Dryden and His Poetry," by Allardyce Nicoll (Harrap, 2s.), a book obviously intended to bring him to the notice of the multitude who are eager for knowledge and the higher culture. And hot upon this there is now published a more specialized study, "Dryden's Heroic Plays," by B. J. Pendlebury (Selwyn & Blount, 6s.). Each of these books is in its own way admirable; if any primer could bring the twentieth-century multitude to Dryden's poetry, it is Mr. Nicoll's—whether this generation could be induced to drink, when it was gotten there, is another question; Mr. Pendlebury's book is a very competent and interesting study of the origins of Dryden's heroic plays. I have read these books and have been induced by them to retaste, after many days, the waters of "Annus Mirabilis," "Absalom and Achitophel," "The Conquest of Granada," and some of the other plays and poems. The experience has made me feel that it would be safer for me not to write about Dryden, if I am to avoid the scorn and fury of other critics—the very reason why, perhaps, I am embarking upon this critical adventure.

* * *

FOR Dryden, simply as a prose writer, hardly any praise seems to me too high, and I can agree with the late Professor Ker, when he writes: "The natural grace and the readiness of his style in explanation and controversy have never been surpassed. His language is a creature moving at its own will, in its proper element." I can, too, go very nearly all the way with those who place him as a critic in the very highest ranks. And yet there already enters into Dryden's criticism something which to me, and, I believe, to most people now living, is extraordinarily alien and unsympathetic, something which, when we find it overlaying or underlying his most magnificent poetry, gives us the sense of chill, repellent, and empty tawdriness which, I remember, came to me very keenly one foggy November day when I suddenly met the gilded pomp of the Lord Mayor's Show passing through the drizzle down Fleet Street. As a critic, Dryden is saved by his genuine love of literature, by his scientific interest in the processes of writing, by his acute and agile intellect, and by his possession of that superb instrument, his prose style. And yet, in reading even the finest of his essays, I sometimes seem to fall suddenly through a hole into the most icy waters of boredom and futility. It is not that his particular judgments are in nine cases out of ten wrong—for that probably does not matter—it is that his whole sense of values seems to me wrong, and that the things which he thinks to be important are to me as unsubstantial as the shadow of shadows.

* * *

CRITICISM is, or ought to be, in part a science, and continually concerned with analysis. Where Dryden is the extremely able scientific analyst of existing works of art, he carries us along with him, and those terrible holes in his mind are only occasionally apparent. But it is another question when one opens his plays or his non-satirical poems. Mr. Nicoll and Mr. Pendlebury

can take me to Dryden's poetry; I can see and admire the "technical excellence" and the "magnificence" of his verse, the "brilliance of the versification" and the "dexterity of intellectual manœuvre"; and yet I have the greatest difficulty in forcing myself to drink. And, as I said, I believe that most people living to-day have the same difficulty. There is something at the core of this poetry which to us is alien and repellent. It is not personal—and that makes it the more serious. The preface to Mr. Nicoll's book explains that the principle on which it is written is that the works of the author should be examined and explained in intimate association with his career and character. Mr. Nicoll sticks closely, therefore, to Dryden's biography, and attempts to show how the poet's "personality" expressed itself in his poetry. The pages which follow are extremely interesting, but it may be doubted whether they confirm the theory implied by the preface. Dryden's career and personality have, of course, left their marks upon his poems, but it is questionable whether the effects of these are as fundamental as are those of the impersonal beliefs and ideals which Dryden absorbed from the age he lived in. The value of Mr. Pendlebury's study lies in the fact that it directs one's attention to these larger and more impersonal causes and influences. For the hole in Dryden's mind belonged not, I believe, to himself personally, but to his age.

* * *

THE heroic plays are a very good test. I can feel intellectually and take pleasure in their great technical skill, the outbursts of splendid poetry, and the sense which they give of subtle strength. In the end, however, their very magnificence seems to be incredibly tawdry and empty; they pass away through the grey drizzle of reality, not like a splendid vision, but like a dragged Lord Mayor's Show. As I read Mr. Pendlebury's book, I thought that I saw the reason of this. The things which Dryden and his age thought important are to me supremely unimportant; what they thought magnificent, heroic, sublime, pathetic, are the tawdry, vulgar ingredients of day-dreams which we now relegate to the penny novelette. Mr. Pendlebury shows the origin of the heroic drama from the heroic romance. The peculiarity of the "heroic" literature of the seventeenth century is that it was written for an aristocracy, embodies their sense of values, and reflects their taste. Their taste was that of the public which now devours the penny novelette. Nine out of ten people have, at some time of their lives, yielded to the habit of day-dreaming, the seduction of telling oneself a story in which the "I" is the hero, and performs the most amazing and impossible feats of valour and skill. The readers of many of our contemporary novels and novelettes, and the seventeenth-century aristocrats who demanded the Astrée and Almanzor, are, or were, people too lazy or too unimaginative to do their day-dreaming for themselves. But the fact that Dryden's age took the standard of the day-dream as its standard of life and literature is only a particular instance of what I remarked above, namely, that its whole sense of values was alien to ours, or at any rate to mine. The standard of the day-dream is essentially "unreal" and tawdry, and a literature which accepts and is based upon it must have the same qualities.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

BOSWELL WITHOUT JOHNSON.

Journal of a Tour to Corsica. By JAMES BOSWELL. Edited by S. C. ROBERTS. (Cambridge University Press. 6s.)

BOSWELL'S "Tour to Corsica" is a small but excellent morsel that has been hitherto practically unknown to the casual reader; and it is well done of Mr. Roberts and the Cambridge Press to give it for the first time the dignity of appearing on its own account in a neat little volume. The old notion that Boswell was only Boswell in the company of Johnson, that he was only capable of writing a great book because Johnson was the subject of it, that apart from Johnson he had neither form nor content of his own—this idle notion we have long outlived; and we know that Boswell was a man of high accomplishment and infinite humour, well worth meeting even in Johnson's absence. But it happens that there are few opportunities of meeting him out of earshot of that booming voice—very few, perhaps only one that is entirely favourable—and this is the opportunity which is now, after long neglect, thrown easily in our way. Here is Boswell all by himself in Corsica, and for a hundred pages we may listen to Boswell without the distraction of more potent and illustrious company; and the result is what we had already foreseen—he is admirable company unsupported and alone. Let us prove to him that it is not only because he is the friend of greater men that we seek him out; he stands on his own feet, on his own merit, in Corsica.

He has no call to be afraid of doing so; but Boswell is one whose faculty of veneration is so strong and lively that he must always have a great man before him for its exercise, even in Corsica. He found in Corsica the chieftain of an insurgent tribe, battling for liberty in the mountains; and what more should he ask for? Is not the leader of simple and ardent tribesmen, groaning under a tyrannous yoke, the very man for Boswell's need? The chivalrous warrior, all afire with his country's wrongs, leading and inspiring his devoted followers with patriarchal heroism—Paoli, the Corsican outlaw, is probably this; and if he is not exactly this, Boswell readily decides that he is, and may forthwith venerate to his heart's content. There is none to say him nay. If Johnson were here, who knows how it might be?—for Johnson, it must be owned, has a way of pummelling one's enthusiasms a little coarsely, and his burly sagacity and humour, so grand in Fleet Street, might perhaps be damaging to this hero of antique simplicity in the island fastness. Boswell, left to himself, can abound as he will; and it is pleasant to see him as he makes the most of the fortunate chance, discovers or creates his hero, and celebrates the generous temper and manners of this *prisca gens mortalium*, surviving so romantically in a degenerate world. Very likely it is all that he sees it to be, and it would have nothing to fear from the truncheon of common sense; but whatever it is or is not, Boswell for the moment has a free hand—he can admire and revere without check to his liberal genius. Paoli is evidently enchanted, and no wonder; for the Englishman is mad, no doubt; but for all that, he may prove to be the herald of an alliance between England, patroness of freedom, and poor little Corsica in her hour of agony. Paoli will give Mr. Boswell a very good time.

Boswell did his best to repay him. Returning home, he set about stirring his countrymen with the tale of Corsica's wrongs; he made speeches and raised subscriptions; he dressed up as a Corsican chieftain and called on Chatham. The result was disappointing. "Foolish as we are," said Lord Holland, "we cannot be so foolish as to go to war because Mr. Boswell has been in Corsica." It was the answer of the cold and prudent world, it closed the subject; and all that was left of Paoli and his heroic venture was a hundred pages of entertaining enthusiasm, Boswell's "Tour." It was something, after all; Paoli had other hopes, but what he actually achieved was to give Boswell the chance of showing his quality away from Johnson—and a good achievement, too, for an outlaw of the mountains. So here is Boswell, making the most of the opportunity, revealing his inquisitive interest in things and men, his love of gossip and noble sentiment, his happy descriptive skill. It is obvious

to call him Pepys; there are a dozen episodes and a hundred touches of humour and oddity that are entirely in the strain of Pepys. Boswell listens to the "Ave Maria" chanted by some Corsicans in the sunset, and "it was pleasing to enter into the spirit of their religion, and hear them offering up their evening orisons"; the chancellor of the rebels makes him out a passport, and, having signed it, desires "a little boy, who was playing in the room by us, to run to his mother and bring the great seal of the kingdom," and Boswell is delighted to feel himself "sitting in the house of a Cincinnatus." And presently, crossing the mountains: "I was in great health and spirits, and fully able to enter into the ideas of the brave, rude men whom I found in all quarters"; and again, riding with his escort on Paoli's own horse: "I allowed myself to indulge a momentary pride in this parade, as I was curious to experience what could really be the pleasure of state and distinction with which mankind are so strangely intoxicated." This is the unmistakable voice of Pepys, as it might have been Pepys who "got a Corsican dress made, in which I walked about with an air of true satisfaction." But Boswell was Pepys with an important difference; for he was eager to admit the world into his inner garden of delight: he wished the world to admire it and to recognize the liberal genius of Boswell. Pepys, with a rarer relish, excluded the world and kept his enjoyment to himself; he was the greater epicure of the two. But they both belong to the little clan of those to whom the gift of experience is always new and never amiss, and who freshen it for the rest of us.

PERCY LUBBOCK.

PLUS CA CHANGE.

Some Distinguished Americans: Imaginary Portraits. By HARVEY O'HIGGINS. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

THERE are so many writers living to-day—there are so many of the dead whose work competes with that of the living—plagiarism is too easily detected—and besides, it is such troublesome, insipid work, and often the closest copy of last year's best-seller falls flat even when the author does it himself and puts his name to it. Altogether, authorship is a difficult business nowadays.

The passion for creating novels, short stories, and poems is hourly consuming the lives of thousands of young men (like myself), and subjects are running out. Now and then, of course, someone turns up who knows what he wants to write, and writes his stories with the ease and certainty of a spider spinning a web out of his own vitals. But such prodigies are few and far between; we may neglect them when we have said that they don't suffer any of the serious pangs of authorship. For the old idea that the greater the work produced, the greater the pain and difficulty that have gone into making it, is totally false. It is the opposite which is true.

It is the bad painters, the bad poets, the authors who cannot write a line who suffer the torments of the damned. Indeed, no agony is greater than that of being a young writer, seizing pen and paper at every odd moment of the day and night, whose brain is feverish—but absolutely empty. No subject! No subject! That is the greatest tragedy that can happen to the creative artist.

What is the young man to do who does not see the world as a vast and well-stocked preserve, where he has no need to let his fancy rove to start up game on every side, but has rather to keep it to heel with ferocious curses?

Perhaps the best way out is that adopted by Mr. Harvey O'Higgins. It is as rare to understand one's own psychology, or even other people's, as it is rare to have spent one's early years in the South Seas, or in the Kailyards of Glasgow.

But to-day there is a demand for psychology, just as there was once a demand for cabbages with large and honest hearts. But what is more, there is nowadays an accepted dogma of psychology as fashionable as the dogma about the simple virtues of the sons of Nature when Bernardin de St. Pierre was writing "Paul et Virginie." Mr. O'Higgins has made use of the current psychological dogmas in drawing a series of imaginary portrait-sketches, which really do compel the interest of the reader.

In each case a typical American is the subject whose rigid and commonplace character is explained to us—for suddenly Mr. O'Higgins lifts a veil: his hero has a "fair-haired love image" and an obsession about pink silk underwear, dating from his adolescence.

So might an ingenious juggler build a house of cards upside down before our astounded gaze. We had thought everything was simple, but suddenly the explanation is provided, and we cry out at the extraordinary ingenuity of it all.

But after reading two books of this sort—"From the Life" and "Some Distinguished Americans"—both equally clever, equally brilliant, and equally absorbing, one is left wondering whether a conventional psychological law to which all the characters conform is any better than a conventional code of correct behaviour.

And Mr. O'Higgins believes in his correct psychology just as much as Bernardin de St. Pierre believed that a heroine would rather be drowned in a shipwreck than take off her clothes in front of some sailors.

DAVID GARNETT.

HANDEL.

George Frideric Handel: his Personality and his Times.
By NEWMAN FLOWER. (Cassell. 21s.)

MR. NEWMAN FLOWER's book is of the type known as monumental. Not only does he possess a vast library entirely given over to his hero, but there appears to be no document of which he is ignorant, no authority he has not consulted. The result is a work whose erudition the learned Grienkerl or the assiduous Nottebohm might envy. And Händel's life is more worthy of such detailed treatment than that of many other composers, for his career was full of incident and his acquaintance always varied and interesting. And though Händel is the dominant figure, he is not the only one, and there is hardly a person with whom he had a connection of whom we are not given a full-length portrait. It is, indeed, rather a picture—and a very interesting one—of the early eighteenth century than the biography of a musician, and those who expect a careful analysis of Händel's works, with musical illustrations, will be disappointed. This is no criticism; it is high praise, because this book will give as much pleasure to the tone-deaf as to the most expert musician. It is not from the latter's point of view that Mr. Flower sets out to write, and one suspects that Händel's music is not what interests him most. The little he writes on the subject is reminiscent of Mrs. Newmarch's vivid and alluring style, as, for example, when he describes the possible result of a meeting of Bach and Händel:—

"What might have happened if these twain had met! Let the imagination still drift as it may in the space of a dream. Supposing that they had agreed to put into music the birth of the world. Bach with his great chords interpreting the wind rustling through trees, the birth of sound across the empty earth, the birth of rivers. Then Händel, with his sense of human life, putting into sound the first meeting of those stealthy figures in the Garden, the clash of beauty, of sex, and the uprising of humanity. Then Bach following—with the movement of growing things, the intangible burst of life, the flooding stream, the bird song, all Nature stirring into the accustomed order it was henceforth to know. Then Händel again, with his Cain, the flame at the gate . . ."

As to Händel's position in music he makes this surprising statement: "To many, he remains the greatest dreamer in music the world has ever known." It is a curious niche to assign to him, and though there may be more than one view on the subject, it is hardly as a dreamer that most people think of him. Probably, to many of those who flock to the Crystal Palace and boldly face Sir F. Bridge and his battalions of singers, Händel is chiefly a duty or a tradition, or both. Others, no doubt, find in him the representative *par excellence* of the grand style, and are more easily moved by him than by Bach because of a greater simplicity both of matter and manner. But few, I believe, would deny him concrete weight and substance. His larger works have the solid dignity of Georgian architecture, but he lacks the amazing technical imagination which gives even the inferior works of Bach such concentrated power. One has only to

compare the Hallelujah Chorus with the Sanctus in the B minor Mass to see how far superior Bach was in driving home what he had to say. To me, Händel has always seemed at his best, not when shod with his seven-league boots, but in his quieter and less pretentious moments, as in "I know that my Redeemer liveth," or the lovely sonata for two violins in G minor; and if such works as these, and not his "long, long arias and endless cantatas," had been more regarded, his effect on English music would have been less damaging. As it was, what small spark of life still survived in it after the "Messiah" was effectively smothered by the "Elijah." But it would be unfair to blame any composer for his effect on others, and how few would escape uncensured if the disciples and not the masters were the objects of criticism! So, in Elizabeth's words, "Adieu, disappointment and spleen," and let us be grateful to Händel for having lived, and to Mr. Flower for having proved himself so minute and entertaining a biographer.

ANTHONY ASQUITH.

LUCK AND MINOR POETS.

The Posthumous Poems of C. F. Keary. (Oxford: Blackwell. 7s. 6d.)

Selected Poems. By FRANCIS COUTTS. (Lane. 7s. 6d.)

Sublunary. By NANCY CUNARD. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

It is not very likely that want of public attention ever yet stopped the creation of a master spirit in poetry. Where the original force is great it can emerge despite the apathy of circumstance; it matters nothing to Blake though he is considered at large, when he is considered at all, as an engraver suffering from bad dreams and religion—Blake goes on from strength to strength. On the other hand, the luck of finding or not finding recognition and encouragement, even notice of existence, may decidedly affect the production of a minor man. Writing a friendly foreword to the collected verse of C. F. Keary, who died during the war, Mr. John Bailey justly points out the significance of this; allows that Keary's work is not free from heaviness of spirit, and holds this to be natural enough "when the voice grows conscious of losing itself in large, empty spaces of silence and indifference."

A preliminary hint and rumour of fame may, indeed, be a blessing to the poet of limited powers. The exhilaration of compliments, and the discovery that there is an audience, may well have the effect of concentrating those powers, and suggesting an ambition. Man is sociable, man is egotistic; and the poet shares the character. The poet sings, after all, to be overheard. Had Keary been so fortunate as to be overheard by more of us, he might have urged himself to beat his normal best, to condense, to sharpen, to counterchange. Left alone, he appears, in a simple phrase, to have taken it easy. His poetry is fluent, lighted with fancy, and, on the whole, of some substance; but final and penetrating it cannot be called. Instead of summing up in sudden bursts of deeply interfused word and thought, he flows on in pleasant tones and graced enjoyments, rather painting lightly the feelings which lived in him than making them for the moment the whole story of the reader. In saying this much, one does not describe his book as a mere elegance. His reverent love of England, of classic grandeur and myth, his quiet and noble self-expression in the shadow of death, are realities. Perhaps his indignant touches concerning the state of his country are his strongest work. There is something of high patriotism in his song which ends:—

"I languish aye for love of her
Who 'mong the folk so queenlike stood.
Liefer than harp or dulcimer
We listened to her silver flood.
Checking the proud, she raised the good.
O England, what hath changed thee so—
Now mother of a wolfish brood?
Inde dolore lingueo."

It is said that Francis Coutts (the late Lord Latymer) was somewhat disappointed with the reception latterly accorded to his volumes. He had, at any rate, reached a larger circle than Keary, and the notices of his work which are bound up with the selection made by him shortly before his death were sufficiently favourable. His poetical career

began almost thirty years ago, and in "The Revelation of St. Love the Divine," 1898, he wrote:—

"Upbraid me not because I sing
Outside the violets and thyme;
I cannot keep within the ring
Where pretty poets pluck their rhyme."

If he did not keep in it, he did not succeed in getting far away from it. Ever preserving a dignity of manner, he also kept up with care the minor-verse habits of his earlier day. Among the poems which he chose to represent him, one begins:—

"How shall we bury the old love?
With bitter tears and deep sighing;
For oh! 'tis scarcely a cold love,
And long and hard was its dying."

Opposite it the Egypt which we seem to have seen in other polished poetry is presented:—

"Against the broad red sunset o'er the Nile,
Dark as the cinders of a burnt-out pyre
The great Stone Pyramid looms, and o'er the pile
Bright Venus orbs her star of silvery fire."

Many of the pages are taken up by those passages of album epic, on "Psyche," "The Death of Launcelot," or "Uther Pendragon," which Tennyson's example caused to spring up like poppies through the 'nineties. In "The Tragedy of Man" Coult's for once evolved a peculiarly strong diction, but the effect, on the whole, is of strain. His chief claim is, after all, that of a group of writers from whose mild and delicate verses the sweetness of faded rose-petals will glide.

Miss Cunard writes copiously in English, and adds some compositions in French. Vagueness overspreads her work. Without demanding that poets should be incessantly intense, one doubts whether poetry has time for such attenuations as—

"There is a mystery in the willow tree;
It sways in tremulous tide of light and shadows
Over the many waters where I see
This summer float upon a stream of shallows."

Her patience of observation, both of the mind and the outward scene, nevertheless deserves to gain critical attention; and there are times when her ornaments of eloquence achieve an effect in poetical luxury.

E. BLUNDEN.

FICTION.

Stinging Nettles. By MARJORIE BOWEN. (Ward & Lock. 7s.)

The Kiss to the Leper. By FRANÇOIS MAURIAC. Translated by JAMES WHITALL. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

The Dead Command. By VICENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

The Garland of Olive. By JOAN SUTHERLAND. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

The Iron Box. By C. RANGER GULL. (Hurst & Blackett. 7s. 6d.)

MISS BOWEN has brought the historian's conscience to bear on the phenomena of contemporary life. Evidences of modernity crowd her book—modern London, modern Italy, above all, modern women. But the accumulation of instances that makes "Stinging Nettles" undeniably up to date, fails to make it move with the times. It is a study of modern conditions rather than of modern lives. Miss Bowen's talent was pictorial; she delighted in violence and richness and colour. Her feeling for the picturesque still peeps out occasionally in phrases like "the umbrella-stand was full of swords"; but usually she subdues it and has recourse to ugliness—the ugliness of disease, the ugliness of a half-baked Bohemian society which spends its time in prurient chatter, is always struggling with starvation, and has no genuine ideals or even genuine emotions. Miss Bowen paints the picture very black, in order, one suspects, to quicken the contrast between it and her alternative and solution, life on the land. Her work is most vigorous, however, when its subject is people she hates. The heroine, Lucie, is colourless, has no quality but self-abnegation and an unwise passiveness when compared with the group of envious, town-bred, female toadies who victimize her. But it is as misleading to emphasize the triviality and pretentiousness of Bohemianism as it would be to dwell exclusively on the dullness and brutality of life in the country. And it is

significant that Miss Bowen only gives a half-dozen pages to the exposition of rural joys.

In "The Kiss to the Leper" M. Mauriac has also illness for the main condition of his theme; again the malady is consumption, so beautiful to a former generation, so disgusting to ours. But whereas Miss Bowen shirks the issue of a marriage thus intolerably stultified by making her heroine a hospital nurse rather than a wife, M. Mauriac faces it fair and square. Physical repulsiveness is added to the wretched Jean de Péloueyre's constitutional weakness; he is the parody of a man, and his wife's sufferings through her enforced intimacy with him are described with a frankness that is peculiarly French. The circumstances of the marriage are French, too—its arrangement by the parish priest in conjunction with the parents, its tremendous religious sanction, requiring from the victims not only an unconditional loyalty, but also an active, unimpeachable affection. Noëmi's conscience is not satisfied by mere fidelity to her repulsive husband; she must love him like a lover. The very unreasonableness of its chief situation gives the book a kind of force; the characters accept their hideous predicament without a thought of rebellion or escape. Granting its postulates, "The Kiss to the Leper," though a very painful, is not an ineffective story. But its postulates are hard to grant; they fly in the face of human nature. Unattractive as Jean de Péloueyre was, he was not deformed, nor, at the time of his marriage, diseased. His wife had known him by sight for years. How can we believe that she married him without demur, and then found that his mere presence was intolerable? The strength of will she afterwards showed in making the best of her lot and in declining marriage after her husband's death would surely have saved her from the initial folly of marrying him. She had submitted to a convention of filial obedience, not to personal pressure. Throughout, the writer's attitude to physical unattractiveness seems to lack all sense of proportion. A plain man could not show his face in the streets of Irun without exciting screams of laughter. But in spite of much questionable psychology the book, excellently translated by Mr. Whitall, deserves to be read for its sincerity and solemnity and restraint.

Like so many of Señor Ibañez's works, "The Dead Command" is an ethnological and historical rather than a personal study. It is congested by detail, photographic and panoramic, not impressionist or selective. Never very vivid, its theme tends to become indistinct in thick layers of atmosphere. Its principal figure, Don Jaime, the Majorcan grandee, penniless descendant of a family that had once entertained Charles V., has a temperament, but scarcely a character or even a personality. He is subordinate to his situation, to his circumstances, to his surroundings. The peasants of the island of Iviza, where he takes refuge, are more clearly made out; they have a significant mode of life, incredible as it seems, and a recognizable attitude to the lordly exile who wants to make one of them his wife. Subtleties and distinctions in character either do not interest Ibañez or they are beyond his reach; but he catches the characteristics of a class. Don Jaime himself is effective in so far as he suggests a class—that company of ancestors who, though dead, dictate his actions. The psychological effect of their tyranny, though constantly asserted, fails to come home because it is independent of Don Jaime's nature, is, in fact, an arbitrary force called in by the author to queer his hero's pitch.

In "The Garland of Olive" Miss Sutherland has written a book which, once it gets free of the exigencies of a too technically financial plot, sometimes shows an unexpected power. The ruined millionaire's family who work their way back to respectability on a ranch are not made angels by their exertions. They are improved, of course; but in the process their nerves suffer and they let fly at one another in a very natural and convincing exasperation. Unfortunately, this free movement is only an interlude; the plot closes upon the characters and makes puppets of them.

"The Iron Box" is the kind of detective story in which exciting incident counts for more than a water-tight plot. It is both thrilling and ingenious, but will not appeal to lovers of the deductive, armchair methods of Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

L. P. HARTLEY.

POPULATION AND ITS RESTRICTION.

Population. By HAROLD WRIGHT. (Nisbet. 5s.)

Contraception: a Manual for the Medical and Legal Professions. By MARIE STOPES. (Bale & Danielsson. 12s. 6d.)

DURING the last two thousand years the peoples of Europe have had the most contradictory advice given to them as to the desirability of an increase in numbers. Had they paid any attention to their would-be teachers they would indeed have been seriously perplexed. More often than not increasing numbers were represented as beneficial. But from time to time the contrary opinion was upheld, and it seems odd, at first sight, that the pessimistic view should gain the upper hand, as it usually does, after a war. For the most obvious result of war is loss of life, both among the fighting-men and among the civilian population owing to privation, to which must be added the less obvious result of a loss of births while the fighting-men are away from home. The reason for the dominance of the pessimistic view at such times is, however, not far to seek; war destroys wealth and the means of creating wealth in far greater degree—now at any rate—than it destroys lives. Therefore, even if the position was satisfactory before a war, a smaller population may be larger than is desirable after a war.

The late war has again brought the problem to the front, and, while it would be scarcely correct to say that pessimistic views now prevail, it is clear that there is not the same confidence now, as before the war, that all is well in this respect. The problem deserved closer attention than it received in pre-war days, and an examination of the position is now urgently required. As a stimulus to such an inquiry Mr. Wright's book is most valuable. He sets out to "explain what is meant by the 'principle of population'; to examine its validity as a universal law, and to inquire how far the truth in this matter is a menace to the progress of mankind." His exposition is lucid; admirable judgment is displayed in the way in which the problem is unfolded and in the amount of space devoted to the various aspects; his views on controversial points are always well balanced. In particular, the pages devoted to the connection between population, on the one hand, and war, emigration, and eugenics, on the other hand, deserve study, because they form an excellent corrective to the extreme views into which most writers now fall when treating of these matters, whatever form their views may take.

Such differences as do emerge between economists, when they discuss the abstract side of the problem, do not seem to amount to much. It is now obvious that Malthus did not show why the additional pair of hands that accompany each additional mouth cannot always produce the same average amount of food as the pairs of hands already at work. In other words, the famous argument founded on the different ratios of increase of food and of population has fallen to the ground. It is perhaps a pity that Mr. Wright did not lay more stress upon this fact, because the ratios still often trouble those who are beginning their inquiries. It should be recognized at the outset that the ratios have long been dead and buried. It has, of course, also long been clear why the additional hands do not always produce as much food as those already at work. The reason is that under certain circumstances diminishing returns may supervene. The interest in the problem at the present day is thus a practical one. We want, in the first place, to know whether diminishing returns are in operation or in sight. The position, in Mr. Wright's view, is briefly as follows. Wealth was increasing faster than population in the years before the war, though probably wealth would have increased more rapidly had the growth in population been slower. The outlook in those days, however, was less promising than was generally realized, even if peace had been preserved; there were no longer any vast food-producing areas to be developed, and conditions would thus in the course of years have demanded a more rapid slowing down of the increase in numbers than then seemed likely. But the war came and plunged us into wholly unforeseen conditions, which appear to make a slowing down far more necessary than it would otherwise have been. Mr. Wright makes a rapid review of the world's resources in food and raw materials, and his tentative conclusions are not reassuring in view of the present rate of growth of the population. When we

reflect that mankind seems wholly incapable of stopping war—in appearance so simple a matter in comparison with restriction of population—we seem to have ample grounds for pessimism. But the fact is that, whereas the average man feels helpless in face of the menace of war, he can do and, what is more, is doing something to restrict the growth of population. This is probably one of the most hopeful features of civilization to-day.

It is clear that all the various aspects of the problem urgently require detailed examination. In the small space allowed him in this handbook Mr. Wright has not been able to do much more than indicate what the most important of these problems are. Economists and statisticians can explore the position more fully; the various imperial and international problems require attention from serious students of politics. Social economists might inquire what the effect of changing conditions is upon numbers and what really are the motives from which people restrict their families. What, for instance, is the effect upon population of an improvement in housing or of the employment of women? Students of inheritance have also important contributions to make to the problem of the quality of the population.

A valuable contribution has been made to one aspect of the matter by Dr. Marie Stopes in the book noticed at the head of this review. A strictly scientific study of contraception has long been required, and here we have a volume embodying the results of years of patient accumulation of evidence. As a scientific manual it is of a high order of merit. It provides the most accurate and the most recent information concerning a subject that is of very great importance at the present day. It is notorious that some of those who wish to see a spreading of the knowledge of contraception have not always approved of Dr. Stopes's methods of propaganda. This book, however, will meet with opposition only from those who desire to suppress the facts.

A. M. CARR-SAUNDERS.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Story of a Nonconformist Library. By H. MACLACHLAN, M.A., D.D. (Manchester University Press. 7s. 6d.)

THE title of this volume is slightly misleading, as it gives merely the subject of the first essay. But the rest of the volume is based more or less on research amongst the books and MSS. in the Library. The book is really a collection of essays on Unitarian history and theology. The frontispiece shows the dignified building at Sammerville, which now is occupied by the Unitarian Home Missionary College Library, founded in 1854, without regular endowment until 1922, but which has now a collection of books of varied interest, as one would expect from the fact that it was founded by Unitarians who have always been broadminded and generous supporters of knowledge. The bibliographer will not search the Library quite in vain, the bookman of varied taste will find many things of interest, while the student of Unitarianism will have ready to hand conveniently arranged almost anything he could want. Dr. MacLachlan gives a short sketch of the books in the Library, and anecdotes concerning the donors, and concludes with some remarks on Nonconformist Academies, which have always been amongst the most useful and creditable activities of the Free Churches. Controversial theology is apt to be dry and a little barren, and only the very special student will care about the essays on Seventeenth-Century Unitarian Tracts, the Earliest Unitarian Periodical, and the Manchester Socinian Controversy. But Liberal Dissent a hundred years ago and the Christian Brethren Movement will appeal to anyone who takes an interest in the social life of England. The account of Joseph Barker in the last essay leaves a rather melancholy impression on one's mind.

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Sixty-Six Etchings by Members of the Print Society. Edited by E. HESKETH HUBBARD. With an Introduction by KINETON PARKES. (Print Society. 21s.)

THIS handsome volume contains sixty-six etchings by members of the Print Society, excellently reproduced. In his interesting introduction Mr. Parkes suggests that the peculiar charm of a print consists in its "intimacy," but it would be hard to compress into one word the variety of

qualities which these sixty-six pictures display. There are the solid and literal portraits by Miss Stacey. The Swans of Mr. Wilson, with a completely different technique, display a truer imaginative power than Miss Rudge's fanciful pieces of elves and fairies. Mr. Sheppard Dale, in his admirably constructed Trinity College, Cambridge, shows what the etcher can do in building up a massive composition. The admirable work of Mr. Hesketh Hubbard and Mr. Percy Braithwaite suggests that the etcher's art lends itself with peculiar happiness to the wide sweeps of landscape, or to the accuracies and intricacies of architectural detail. The present volume contains a rich and various collection of work, which has the advantage over painting that the reproduction is as near to the original as possible, and sixty-six examples can be stored without damage in a bookcase of the ordinary size.

Sidney Ball : Memories and Impressions. Arranged by OONA HOWARD BALL. (Oxford : Blackwell. 10s. 6d.)

FEW men of his time in Oxford deserve a record of this kind more than Sidney Ball. His powerful influence was exercised so unobtrusively and in so many spheres that only those who knew him most intimately can have realized how far it extended. The book is well done, and it cannot have been easy to do. On almost every page we feel ourselves in close contact with "the gentle, fair-minded, fascinating (and, we must add, fun-loving) personality," who seems to have made the same indelible impression on all who came within his sphere. Fate placed the leader of Oxford Liberalism and one of her most advanced political thinkers, whose influence as a reformer extended far beyond the University, in a college that has always been strongly Conservative by tradition; but though this fact robbed him of the crowning reward of his life-work, it undoubtedly greatly increased the value of his influence there upon those who were able to appreciate it. Now that we can realize to the full the importance of his position in the world at large, we marvel more than ever at the time and trouble he never grudged to the least among his pupils. The long succession of these to whom he was St. John's, as more than one writer here puts it, will feel as they read that they are living over again all that was best in their undergraduate days, and will ask themselves once more how it was possible to refuse such a character the Presidency of the college he had so long guided in all but name.

China in the Family of Nations. By HENRY T. HODGKIN. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

MR. HODGKIN lived for several years in the province of Szechwan, and he has recently travelled for two years in China, Korea, and Japan. He has now written a very interesting book on the problem of China and her relations with European civilization. The trouble with most writers on China is that they are fanatical upholders either of democracy or of "strong Government," and not only what they think, but also what they see, are coloured by their political prejudices. Mr. Hodgkin is refreshingly moderate and judicial. He gives a good summary of the history of the relations between China and the Western Powers and Japan and of the internal troubles that have followed the revolution, and he states his own conclusions, which are wisely tentative rather than dogmatic. Perhaps the most interesting part of his book is that in which he discusses the industrialization of China.

One Garden. By D. H. MOUTRAY READ. (Williams & Norgate. 12s. 6d.)

THIS book is unlike most gardening books. It is written by a man who, apparently with very little gardening experience and with little or no money to spend, took in hand a forsaken garden. It tells in considerable detail exactly what he did, his failures and mistakes as well as his successes. To the gardening enthusiast who is also an ignorant beginner the book is therefore of peculiar interest and value.

SCIENCE

REJUVENATION.

STEINACH'S RESEARCHES ON THE SEX-GLANDS.

By NORMAN HAIRE.

RECENTLY, perhaps, no subject has aroused more interest and more actively appealed to the imagination than that of Rejuvenation, and certainly on no subject have there been made more misleading statements. In the newspapers one frequently sees ill-informed references

to it, with sensational headlines, almost always containing the words "Monkey-Glands," which awake feelings of hope, or disgust, or mirth, or mysterious horror, according to the mental bias of the reader.

Now, in point of fact, monkey-glands are not necessarily concerned in Rejuvenation at all. Admittedly, the French scientist, Voronoff, transplants the *gonads* (testicles or ovaries) of apes into human beings to banish the ravages of age in the latter, but the greatest worker in this field—Professor Eugen Steinach of Vienna—does not use monkey-glands at all.

Steinach began his work on rats and guinea-pigs, and only after long years of careful research were his results used for the benefit of human beings. Briefly and simply, his theories may be summed up as follows: The *gonads* have a double function. Thus the testicles produce, first, *sperm-cells* which fertilize the female egg-cells, and so give rise to offspring; and, second, an *internal secretion* or *hormone*, which is poured into the blood-stream, and in its circulation through the body stimulates other glands (thyroid, pancreas, pituitary, pineal, suprarenal, and others) to secrete their respective *hormones*. The combined effect of all these *hormones* is to evoke and maintain the normal functioning of all the organs of the body, manifested by physical, mental, and sexual vigour.

Similarly in the female, the ovary produces, not only *egg-cells*, which, on being fertilized, give rise to the next generation, but also a juice or *hormone*, which circulates in the blood and activates the other ductless glands. In this fashion the mental, physical, and sexual health of the female is governed.

If the internal secretions of the *gonads* are defective in quality or quantity, the individual's masculinity or femininity is diminished, and the general health, both physical and mental, suffers. Such a retrogressive change normally occurs with the onset of old age. We are all familiar with the decrease in physical and mental energy that sets in—in our artificial mode of life, alas! all too soon—when a man reaches the age of fifty or fifty-five; his growing disinclination or disability for bodily exertion, his diminishing capacity for mental effort, and in particular the power of assimilation of fresh knowledge, and his decreasing amateness.

Steinach believes these symptoms of old age to be due to a more or less gradual failure of the internal secretion of the *gonads*, and he carried out long and arduous experiments to discover some way to revivify them. He found that this could be effected by transplanting a *gonad* from a young male of the same species. This gland was implanted in the muscles of the abdomen, and if it healed in successfully (as it should if the operation is carefully performed), the sperm-producing cells of the graft withered and atrophied, but the other part of the gland began to work more actively, pouring its internal secretion into the blood, stimulating the patient's own *gonads* to renewed activity, causing a fresh access of physical and mental vigour, improvement in appearance, and a return of interest in the opposite sex. Altogether, the change was so extraordinary as to merit the term "Rejuvenation."

In the female, a similar result was obtained by an analogous operation.

This was very interesting and encouraging, and quite satisfactory as far as rats and guinea-pigs were concerned, but when one thought of using this discovery to diminish human suffering and increase human happiness, one was faced by the sentimental objection to the implantation of a gland from another person, as well as the practical difficulty of obtaining an adequate supply of them.

Steinach's further experiments led to the adoption of *Vasectomy* or tying of the *sperm-duct*, which is now used widely on the continent of Europe and in America for the postponement of senility and the cure of premature old age, though up to the present it has remained little known in England. In the male the sperm-cells are carried towards the exterior along the *sperm-duct*. Steinach blocks this duct by ligature, and as a result the sperm-cells are dammed back. When a certain degree of back-pressure has supervened, that part of the *gonad* which

manufactures these cells stops production. This leaves the entire energy of the gland free to be devoted to its other activity—the elaboration of the internal secretion, which can now be provided in better quality or greater quantity. In this way the same effect is obtained as by the transplantation of a gland from another individual.

In the female the egg-duct is not structurally connected with the *gonad*, and so unfortunately there is no possibility of a similar damming-back operation. For the present, therefore, woman can only be rejuvenated by transplantation of a gland, while in man the same result can be attained by vasectomy—a small operation which need not even confine him to bed. It may be done under a local anæsthetic, and entails no more pain or inconvenience than is attendant on, say, a cut finger, and is followed by no ill-effects.

Whether this operation will actually *lengthen* human life is still undecided, but it seems very probable, for in rats which normally die at the age of twenty-seven or thirty months, Steinach succeeded in prolonging life to as much as forty months. This is an increase of 25 per cent., and it is not improbable that man's life may be capable of prolongation in the same proportion.

The whole fascinating subject may be studied at greater length and in all its interesting detail in Steinach's own book entitled "*Verjüngung*," and is presented to English readers in a brochure published, under the name "*Rejuvenation*," by the British Society for the Study of Sex Psychology.

I began by being very sceptical of the claims made by Steinach and his co-workers, but I have seen some amazing results, and can no longer doubt that, in some cases at least, Steinach's operation brings about a real rejuvenation.

ARCHITECTURE

THE TRAGEDY OF REGENT STREET.

A FEW weeks hence Nash's Quadrant will be pulled down. Not only Londoners, but Englishmen all the world over, will then have occasion to mourn the disappearance of an architectural landmark both familiar and distinguished. Let us consider what we have lost in Regent Street and why we have lost it. Then we can measure the new street with the old and see if our possession of the one will be an adequate compensation for being deprived of the other. An element in the tragedy of old Regent Street is the fact that only in quite recent years has there been any wide realization of its outstanding architectural merit. Before dwelling upon the economic circumstances which were, if not causal, at least concomitant to the fall of Regent Street, it may be well to estimate the influence of those factors of public appreciation which have more to do with the length of life of a building than many people suppose. One may begin by asking whether Regent Street would have suffered its present fate if the original designs had been executed in Portland stone. This is a significant question because the degree of compliance with which the public, both lay and professional, regarded the destruction of Regent Street is largely due to the quite erroneous doctrine, propagated so successfully by Ruskin and his school, that stucco architecture must necessarily be something second-rate. Thus the power of resistance, the conservative sentiment, which can immediately be mobilized as soon as some ancient stone edifice is threatened, could not be counted upon to cause delay or even a moment of artistic introspection during the stages when golden walls composed in an architectural formation of wonderful subtlety and refinement were ruthlessly pick-axed before our eyes. *Regent Street was the most beautiful street in the world.* In its quite perfect scale and rare delicacy of Classic detail, in its expression of a spirit most urbane,

yet intimate and hospitable, it had surpassing merit. An assemblage of buildings designed to serve the commonalty was here imbued with aristocratic grace. Moreover, the sensitive texture of the façades enabled them by day to respond to every evanescent change of light or atmosphere, and at night-time to stand radiant against the background of "Darker London." No mean skill is required to design a palace, a cathedral, a town hall, or any other important structure intended for a position of eminent detachment, but it is immeasurably more difficult to combine into an harmonious whole a group of purely commercial buildings belonging to different owners, and demanding the satisfaction of a great variety of practical conditions. But in Regent Street, by an extraordinary piece of good fortune, likely seldom to come again in the history of any city, this architectural miracle had occurred. Here Genius was enthroned in the market-place.

What of the economics of the situation? Regent Street is on Crown land. The leases are falling in, and the agents of the Crown, His Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests, have decided to exact the maximum of rental from the property. This they are legally entitled to do. The maximum rental is determined by the amount which can be squeezed from the owner of the tallest structure the building regulations allow to be erected upon the site. Two courses are open to the shopkeeper: he can quit, and perhaps ruin his business by so doing; or else he must rebuild. A few of the shopkeepers in Regent Street, notably those who have the larger retail stores, are quite ready to adopt the second alternative because they can utilize all the floors for the display of their merchandise, but the vast majority are quite differently situated. They occupy perhaps one or at most two floors, and sub-let the higher stories. These people are put in a very difficult position, and it is known that many of them look to the future with great anxiety, for it is by no means assured that they will be able to sub-let the more numerous upper floors of a very costly new building at such rentals as will enable them to recover the interest on their capital expenditure, and at the same time to pay the vastly increased ground rent demanded by the Crown. For the *débâcle* of Regent Street not one tittle of blame attaches to the shopkeepers. Only quite recently a number of them joined in a protest against the official regulation that their new buildings must be faced with Portland stone, an extremely expensive material; they had the good taste to perceive the suitability of stucco for a shopping thoroughfare, and they realized that the brightness and gaiety of old Regent Street, which qualities were in part due to the pleasing freshness of its painted walls, were a source of attraction to the public, and consequently a commercial asset to themselves.

Most of the Regent Street shopkeepers were doing remarkably well as they were, and not all of them are going to be the gainers by being housed in the heavy, forbidding Gargantuan style of architecture which apparently finds favour with officialdom. Of the new Regent Street it will be sufficient to say that in most respects it will be indistinguishable from Tottenham Court Road. The Quadrant alone will present a certain show of formality, but even this will be transformed into a gloomy and ill-proportioned channel of practically square section, which has already in anticipation been described as a drain-pipe. Meanwhile, "high-class" shopping will tend to migrate to Bond Street.

The Exchequer will benefit to the extent of a few hundred thousand pounds (possibly to be expended in Mesopotamia), but the metropolis will have shrunk in spiritual content and will be noticeably less metropolitan. Yet other architectural opportunities will perhaps arise, and may find us better able to derive advantage from the unique example of urban building by which, for the space of a hundred years, the most famous commercial centre of London was distinguished and adorned. If we are untouched by this inspiration it must sorrowfully be admitted that Regent Street was too good for us, and we were never really worthy of it.

THE PUBLISHERS' TABLE

IN this day of collected editions it is agreeable to notice that Mr. Saintsbury is in the fashion. Messrs. Dent, while their new sets of Conrad and Hudson are progressing, will bring out Mr. Saintsbury's "Collected Essays and Papers, 1875-1920," in three volumes. The author has compiled these writings himself: in the first two series his marginalia upon English literature of the last century are set forth; and the third is a miscellany, which such titles as "Shakespeare and the Grand Style," "Cookery of Grouse," and "Bolshevism in its Cradle" will indicate. The set of volumes will be priced at one-and-a-half guineas.

THE third and last volume of "The Complete Works of Sir Philip Sidney," edited by A. Feuillerat, is due in September from the Cambridge University Press. Sidney's "Defense of Poesie," correspondence, translations, and various opuscula are included. Another Cambridge announcement is "Baralâm and Yewâsef," by Sir E. A. Wallis Budge. The editor gives "the Ethiopic text of the Christianized version" of this romance, from two manuscripts in the British Museum, in his first volume; in the second he prints his introduction and his English translation, adorned with a large number of illustrations from the German version printed at Augsburg in 1477.

ONE often hears old soldiers murmuring that "people have forgotten the war." Of those who have not forgotten it, perhaps Mr. Everard Wyrall is the most ardent. He has in preparation the following war histories: "The 62nd Division," to be published this autumn; "The West Yorkshire Regiment," of which the first volume is also an autumn announcement; "The Somerset Light Infantry"; "The Middlesex Regiment" (two volumes); and "The 30th (Howitzer) Battery, R. F.A." Mr. Wyrall believes that these works under his hand, together with his previous publications of the kind, give him pride of place among "unit" historians; and we share his impression.

"FOUR AND TWENTY MINDS," a choice of essays from the Italian of Giovanni Papini, will shortly be published by Messrs. Harrap. The studies range from appreciations to destructive criticisms, from such figures as Dante to Maeterlinck and Croce; and there is among them a "caricature" of the author.

MR. EDGELL RICKWORD, poet and critic, is engaged upon a volume dealing with Rimbaud.

THE WEEK'S BOOKS

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

- ANGAS (L. L. B.). Germany and her Debts: a Critical Examination of the Reparation Problem. H. J. Simmonds, 7, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4, 6/-.
 CHAKRABERTY (Chandra). A Study in Hindu Social Polity. Calcutta, the Author, 58, Cornwallis St., 4/6.
 *CHILDE (V. G.). How Labour Governs: a Study of Workers' Representation in Australia. Labour Publishing Co., 12/6.
 *CURRENCY. Memorandum on Currency, 1913-22. Geneva, League of Nations (Constable), 10/-.
 DAS (Rajani Kanta). Factory Labour in India. 6/-.—Hindustani Workers on the Pacific Coast. 4/-. Berlin, W. de Gruyter.
 FINER (Herman). Representative Government and a Parliament of Industry: a Study of the German Federal Economic Council. Fabian Society (Allen & Unwin), 7/6.
 GILES (Herbert A.). Some Truths about Opium. Cambridge, Heffer, 9d.
 HAIG (J. C.). Socialism put to the Test. F. Griffiths, 1/6.
 *HEARNshaw (F. J. C.). The Social and Political Ideas of some Great Medieval Thinkers. Harrap, 10/6.
 HOBSON (John A.), MacGREGOR (D. H.), and LENNARD (Reginald). Some Aspects of Recent British Economics. Chicago, IL, Univ. of Chicago Press, \$1.50.
 INDIA. Constitutional Developments in Mysore: Report of the Committee. Bangalore, Govt. Press, 1rup.
 *LLOYD (E. M. H.). Stabilisation: an Economic Policy for Producers and Consumers. Allen & Unwin, 4/6.
 MARVIN (F. S.), ed. Science and Civilization: Essays (Unity Series, VI.). Milford, 12/6.
 NATIONAL LIBERAL FEDERATION. Proceedings of the Fortieth Annual Meeting at Buxton. Liberal Publication Dept., 42, Parliament St., S.W. 6d.
 OGBURN (William Fielding). Social Change with respect to Culture and Original Nature. Allen & Unwin, 10/6.

- PEDDIE (David Edward). The Order of Nature in Economics. Boston, Mass., R. G. Badger, \$1.50.
 PERLMAN (Selig). A History of Trade Unionism in the United States. Macmillan, 9/-.
 *SIEBERT (B. de). Entente Diplomacy and the World: Matrix of the History of Europe, 1909-14. Ed. by G. Abel Schreiner. Allen & Unwin, 30/-.
 WOLFE (Humbert). Labour Supply and Regulation. Carnegie Endowment (Milford), 10/6.

SCIENCE.

- *ANDRADE (E. N. da C.). The Structure of the Atom. Diags. Bell, 18/-.
 DULL (Charles E.). Essentials of Modern Physics. IL. Harrap, 5/-.
 HOPKINS (Marsh). Chance and Error: the Theory of Evolution. Kegan Paul, 7/6.
 *HOUSTOUN (R. A.). Light and Colour. IL. Longmans, 7/6.
 ROSCOE (John). The Banyankole: the Second Part of the Report of the Mackie Ethnological Expedition. IL. Cambridge Univ. Press, 15/-.
 WINGER (R. M.). An Introduction to Projective Geometry. Harrap, 12/6.

LITERATURE.

- CHAYTOR (H. J.). The Troubadour and England. Cambridge Univ. Press, 6/-.
 EDDY (William A.). "Gulliver's Travels": a Critical Study. Milford, 7/-.
 FIELDING. Selections. With Essays by Hazlitt, Scott, Thackeray. Notes by Leonard Rice-Oxley. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 3/6.
 INCHPAWN (Fay). Homely Talks of a Homely Woman. Ward & Lock, 2/6.
 LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY. 50. The Geography of Strabo. Tr. by H. L. Jones. Vol. II.—138. Polybius: The Histories. Tr. by W. R. Paton. Vol. III.—147. Hippocrates. Tr. by W. H. S. Jones. Vol. I.—154. Cicero: De Senectute, &c. Tr. by W. A. Falconer. Heinemann, 10/- each.
 McLACHLAN (H.). The Story of a Nonconformist Library. Manchester Univ. Press (Longmans), 7/6.
 READ (John). Cluster-o'-Vive: Stories and Studies of Old-World Wessex. IL. Somerset Folk Press, 16, Harpur Street, W.C.1, 2/6.
 WRIGHT (F. A.), tr. Alciphron: Letters from Country and Town (Broadway Translations). Routledge, 7/6.

FICTION.

- *ANDERSON (Sherwood). Many Marriages. New York, B. W. Huebsch, 7/6.
 BELL (J. J.). Some Plain, Some Coloured. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.
 *BOIER (Johan). The Last of the Vikings. Tr. by Jessie Muir. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.
 CALTHROP (Dion Clayton). Little Flower of the Street. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.
 *DELAFIELD (E. M.). A Reversion to Type. Hutchinson, 7/6.
 DUNN (Detective). The Beautiful Devil. Stanley Paul, 7/6.
 ESTAUNIE (Edouard). L'Inferme aux Mains de Lumière. Paris, Grasset, 8fr.75.
 GORDON (T. P.). Fergus Freeman. Palmer, 7/6.
 HINE (Muriel). Stories of Love and Laughter. Lane, 3/6.
 *JIM MITLAND. By Sapper. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.
 *MAIS (S. P. B.). Prunello. Grant Richards, 7/6.
 MARCHMONT (Arthur W.). By Right of Sex. Hurst & Blackett, 7/6.
 *MASON (A. E. W.). The Winding Stair. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.
 *OXENHAM (John). A Hazard in the Blue. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.
 PEDDER (Margaret). The Barbarian Lover. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.
 TOPHAM (Anne). The Tale of Thomas Truelove. Melrose, 7/6.
 YOUNG (Gordon). Wild Blood. Fisher Unwin, 7/6.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- BRADLEY (A. G.), and Others. A History of Marlborough College. Revised by J. R. Taylor. IL. Murray, 15/-.
 BRAGDON (Claude). The Beautiful Necessity: Seven Essays on Theosophy and Architecture. 2nd Ed. IL. Routledge, 8/6.
 BROOKSBANK (F. H.). Legends of Ancient Egypt. IL. Harrap, 2/6.
 CULE (W. E.), ed. The Missionary Speaker and Reader. 4th Ed. 1/6.—Missionary Recitations for Seniors. 6d.—Missionary Recitations for Juniors. 6d. Carey Press.
 DAVIS (Albert E.). Hypnotism and Treatment by Suggestion. 4th Ed. Putnam, 5/-.
 MacGREGOR (Alexander). Highland Superstitions. Stirling, Eneas Mackay, 3/6.
 *MARVELL (Andrew). Miscellaneous Poems. Nonesuch Press, 15/-.
 *MELVILLE (Herman). Moby Dick.—Omoo.—Typee.—White Jacket. Library Ed. Cape, 7/6 each.
 OMAR KHAYYAM. The Rubaiyat. Tr. by Edward FitzGerald. 8 col. IL. by Hope Weston. Routledge, 7/6.
 *PATTERSON (R. F.), ed. Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden. Blackie, 7/6.
 *QUILLER-ROUCH (Sir Arthur). Studies in Literature: First Series.—On the Art of Writing. Pocket Ed. Cambridge Univ. Press, 5/- each.
 *ROSE (John Holland). Life of William Pitt. Bell, 15/-.
 RUSHBROOKE (J. H.). The Baptist Movement on the Continent. 2nd Ed. Carey Press, 3/6.

*The "Finance and Investment Page" will be temporarily discontinued during August.

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